

David Cuthbert.

SCOTS SONGS.

SCOTT & BOWNE

ANCIENT AND MODERN
SCOTTISH SONGS,
HEROIC BALLADS,
ET C.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOLUME the SECOND.

The garb our Muses wore in former years.

HAMILTON.



EDINBURGH:
Printed by JOHN WOTHERSPOON.
FOR
JAMES DICKSON and CHARLES ELLIOT.
M D C C L X X V I.

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David Herd.

ANCIENT AND MODERN
SCOTTISH SONGS,
HEROIC BALLADS,
ETC.

COLLECTED FROM
MEMORY, TRADITION,
and
ANCIENT AUTHORS.

THE SECOND EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME the SECOND.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by JOHN WOTHERSPOON,
FOR
JAMES DICKSON and CHARLES ELLIOT.
MDCCLXXVI.

ANTIENT AND MODERN

SCOTTISH SONGS

BY
JAMES HICKSON
AND
CHARLES ELLIOT

THE SECOND EDITION

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VOLUME THE SECOND

EDINBURGH:

Printed by John W. & Co.

James Dickson and Charles Elliot

1844

F R A G M E N T S

O F

SENTIMENTAL

A N D

L O V E S O N G S.

To its own Tune.

HOW can I be blyth or glad,
Or in my mind contented be,
When the bonny bonny lad that I loed best,
Is banish'd from my company.

Though he is banish'd for my sake,
I his true love will still remain;
But O that I was, and I wish I was
In the chamber where my true love is in.

I dare nae come to my true love,
I dare nae either sport or play,
For their evil evil tongues are going so gell,
That I must kifs and go my way.

Kissing is but a foolish fancy,
It brings two lovers into sin;
But O that I was, and I wish I was
In the chamber where my love is in.

VOL. II.

A

My true love is straight and tall,
 I had nae will to say him nae,
 For with his false, but sweet deluding tongue,
 He stole my very heart away.

The Lowlands of Holland.

MY love has built a bonny ship, and set her on the sea,
 With seven score good mariners to bear her company;
 There's three score is sunk, and threescore dead at sea,
 And the lowlands of Holland has twin'd my love and me.

My love he built another ship, and set her on the main,
 And nane but twenty mariners for to bring her hame,
 But the weary wind began to rise, and the sea began to rout,
 My love then and his bonny ship turn'd witherhins about.

There shall neither coif come on my head, nor comb come
 in my hair;

There shall neither coal nor candle light shine in my
 bower mair,

Nor will I love another one, until the day I die,

For I never lov'd a love but one, and he's drown'd in
 the sea.

O had your tongue my daughter dear, be still and be
 content,

There are mair lads in Galloway, ye need nae fair lament;

O! there is nane in Galloway, there's nane at a' for me,

For I never lov'd a love but ane, and he's drown'd in
 the sea.

LIZAE BAILLIE.

LIZAE BAILLIE'S to Gartartan gane,
To see her sister JEAN ;
And there she's met wi' DUNCAN GRÈME,
And he's convoy'd her hame.

" My bonny LIZAE BAILLIE,
I'll row ye in my plaidie,
And ye maun gang alang wi' me,
And be a Highland lady."

" I am sure they wad nae ca' me wife,
Gin I wad gang wi' you, Sir ;
For I can neither card nor spin,
Nor yet milk ewe or cow, Sir."

" My bonny LIZAE BAILLIE,
Let nane o' these things daunt ye ;
Ye'll hae nae need to card or spin,
Your mither weel can want ye."

Now she's cast aff her bonny shoen,
Made o' the gilded leather,
And she's put on her highland brogues,
To skip amang the heather :

And she's cast aff her bonny gown,
Made o' the filk and fatten,
And she's put on a tartan plaid,
To row amang the braken.

She wad nae hae a Lawland laird,
Nor be an English lady ;
But she wad gang wi' DUNCAN GRÈME,
And row her in his plaidie.

She was nae ten miles frae the town,

When she began to weary ;

She aften looked back, and said,

“ Farewell to Castlecarrv.

“ The first place I saw my DUNCAN GRÈME

Was near yon holland bush.

My father took frae me my rings,

My rings but and my purse.

“ But I wad nae gie my DUNCAN GRÈME

For a' my father's land,

Though it were ten times ten times mair,

And a' at my command.”

* * * *

Now wae be to you, loggerheads,

That dwell near Castlecarrv,

To let awa sic a bonny lass,

A Highlandman to marry.

O GIN my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa' !

And I mysell a drap of dew,

Into her bonny breast to fa' !

Oh, there beyond expression blest

I'd feast on beauty a' the night ;

Seal'd on her silk-fast folds to rest,

Till flyed awa by Phoebus light.

Love is the cause of my mourning.

BENEATH a green willow's sad ominous shade—
A simple sweet youth extended was laid :
They ask'd what ail'd him, when sighing he said,
O love is the cause of my mourning !

Long lov'd I a lady, fair, gentle, and gay,
And thought myself loved for many a day ;
But now she is married, is married away,
And love is the cause of my mourning ?

* * * *

And when deck'd as a bride to the kirk she did go,
With bride-men and maidens, with pomp and with show,
She smil'd in appearance—she smil'd, but was woe ;
O love is the cause of my mourning !

* * * *

And when I had seen my love taken to bed,
And when they all kiss'd the bridegroom and bride,
Heavens ! thought I, and must he then ly by her side ?
O love is the cause of my mourning !

Now dig me, companions, a grave dark and deep,
Lay a stone at my head and a turf at my feet,
And O I'll ly down, and I'll take a long sleep,
Nor wake for ever and ever !

* * * *

GOOD morrow, fair mistress, the beginner of strife,
I took ye frae the begging, and made ye my wife :
It was your fair outside that first took my ee,
But this shall be the last time my face ye shall see.

Fye on ye, ill woman, the bringer o' shame,
 The abuser o' love, the disgrace o' my name;
 The betrayer o' him that so trusted in thee:
 But this is the last time my face ye fall see.

To the ground shall be razed these halls and these bowers,
 Defil'd by your lusts and your wanton amours:
 I'll find out a lady of higher degree,
 And this is the last time my face ye fall see.

* * * *

* * * *

FALSE luv! and hae ze played me this,
 In the simmer 'mid the flowers?
 I fall repay ze back again,
 In the winter 'mid the showers.

Bot again, dear luv, and again, dear luv,
 Will ze not turn again?
 As ze look to ither women,
 Shall I to ither men.

* * * * *

* * * *

O MY bonny, bonny MAY,
 Will ye not rue upon me;
 A found, found sleep I'll never get,
 Until I lye ayont thee.

SCOTS SONGS.

7

I'll gie ze four-and-twenty gude milk kye,

Were a' cast in ae year, MAY ;

And a bonnie bull to gang them by,

That blude-red is his hair, MAY.

I hae nae houfes, I hae nae land,

I hae nae gowd or fee, Sir ;

I am o'er low to be your bryde,

Zour lown I'll never be, Sir.

* * * * *

END OF PART SECOND.

SCOTS SONGS.

PART THIRD.

C O M I C

A N D

HUMOROUS SONGS.

SCOTT'S BROTHERS

NEW YORK

1870

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Page 2? Volume 1

S C O T S S O N G S,

P A R T T H I R D.

C O M I C

A N D

H U M O R O U S S O N G S.

Apron Deary.

T WAS early in the morning, a morning of May,
A foldier and a lassie was wauking astray;
Close down in yon meadow, yon meadow brow,
I heard the lass cry, My apron now,
My apron, deary, my apron now,
My belly bears up my apron now,
But I being a young thing, was easy to woo,
Which maks me cry out, My apron now.

O had I ta'en counsel o' father or mother,
Or had I advised wi' sister or brother,
But I being a young thing, and easy to woo,
It makes me cry out, My apron now,
My apron, deary, &c.

Your apron, deary, I must confes,
Seems something the shorter, tho' naething the less;

Then had your tongue, deary, and I will prove true,
And nae mair cry out, Your apron now.

Your apron deary, &c.—Your belly, &c.

Then had your tongue, &c.

Auld ROB MORRIS.

M I T H E R.

AULD ROB MORRIS that wins in yon glen,
He's the king of good fallows, and wale of auld men,
Has fourscore of black sheep, and fourscore too;
Auld ROB MORRIS is the man ye maun lue.

D O U C H T E R.

Had your tongue, mither, and let that abee,
For his eild and my eild can never agree:
They'll never agree, and that will be seen;
For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

M I T H E R.

Had your tongue, doughter, and lay by your pride,
For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride:
He shall ly by your side, and kiss ye too;
Auld ROB MORRIS is the man ye maun lue.

D O U C H T E R.

Auld ROB MORRIS I ken him fou weel,
His a—sticks out like ony peet-creel,
He's out-shin'd, in-knee'd, and ringle-eye'd too;
Auld ROB MORRIS is the man I'll ne'er lue.

M I T H E R.

'Tho' auld ROB MORRIS be an elderly man,
 Yet his auld brads it will buy a new pan ;
 Then, douchter, ye shoudna be so ill to shoo,
 For auld ROB MORRIS is the man ye maun lue.

D O U C H T E R.

But auld ROB MORRIS I never will hae,
 His back is so stiff, and his beard is grown gray :
 I had titter die than live wi' him a year ;
 Sae mair of ROB MORRIS I never will hear.

Auld Goodman.

L A T E in an evening forth I went,
 A little before the sun ga'd down,
 And there I chanc'd by accident,
 To light on a battle new begun :
 A man and his wife was faen in a strife,
 I canna weel tell you how it began ;
 But ay she wail'd her wretched life,
 And cry'd ever, Alake, my auld goodman.

H E.

Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,
 The country kens where he was born,
 Was but a silly poor vagabond,
 And ilka ane leugh him to scorn ;
 For he did spend and mak an end
 Of gear that his forefathers wan,

He gart the poor stand frae the door,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

S H E.

My heart, alake, is liken to break,
When I think on my winsome JOHN,
His blinken ee, and gait fae free,
Was naething like thee, thou dozen'd drone.
His rosie face, and flaxen hair,
And a skin as white as ony swan,
Was large and tall, and comely withal,
And thou'lt never be like my auld goodman.

H E

Why dost thou pleen? I thee maintain,
For meal and mawt thou disna want;
But thy wild bees I canna please,
Now when our gear 'gins to grow scant,
Of household stuff thou hast enough,
Thou wants for neither pat nor pan;
Of sicklike ware he left thee bare,
Sae tell nae mair o' thy auld goodman.

S H E.

Yes, I may tell, and fret my fell,
To think on these blyth days I had,
When he and I together lay
In arms into a weel made bed:
But now I sigh and may be sad,
Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
Thou falds thy feet, and fa's asleep,
And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld goodman.

Then coming was the night sae dark,
And gane was a' the light o' day ;
The carl was fear'd to miss his mark,
And therefore wad nae langer stay.
Then up he gat, and he ran his way,
I trow the wife the day she wan.
And ay the o'erword o' the fray
Was ever, *Alake, my auld goodman.*

Auld SIR SIMON the King.

SOME say that kissing's a sin,
But I say that winna stand :
It is a most innocent thing,
And allow'd by the laws of the land.
If it were a transgression,
The ministers it would reprove ;
But they, their elders and session,
Can do it as weel as the lave.
Its lang since it came in fashion,
I'm sure it will never be done,
As lang as there's in the nation,
A lād, lafs, wife, or a lown.
What can I say more to commend it,
Tho' I should speak all my life ?
Yet this will I say in the end o't,
Let ev'ry man kiss his ain wife.
Let him kiss her, clap her, and dawt her,
And gie her benevolence due,
And that will a thrifty wife mak her,
And sae I'll bid farewell to you.

Auld Wife beyont the Fire.

THERE was a wife won'd in a glen,
 And she had dochters nine or ten,
 That fought the house baith butt and ben,
 To find their mam a snifhing.

The auld wife beyont the fire,

The auld wife aniest the fire,

The auld wife aboon the fire,

*She died for lack of snifhing *.*

Her mill into some hole had fawn,
 Whatrecks, quoth she, let it be gawn,
 For I maun hae a young goodman
 Shall furnish me with snifhing.

The auld wife, &c.

Her eldest dochter said right bauld,
 Ty, mother, mind that now ye're auld,
 And if ye with a younker wald,
 He'll waste away your snifhing.

The auld wife, &c.

The youngest dochter gae a shout,
 O mother dear! your teeth's a' out,
 Besides ha'f blind, you hae the gout,
 Your mill can had nae snifhing.

The auld wife, &c.

Ye lied, ye linnmers, cries auld mump,
 For I hae baith a tooth and slump,

* Snifhing, in its literal meaning, is snuff made of tobacco, but in this song it means sometimes contentment, a husband, love, money, &c.

And' will nae langer live in dump,
By wanting o' my sniishing,
The auld wife, &c.

Thole ye, says PEG, that pauky slut,
Mother, if you can crack a nut,
Then we will a' consent to it,
That you shall have a sniishing.
The auld wife, &c.

The auld ane did agree to that,
And they a pistol-bullet gat ;
She powerfully began to crack,
To win herself a sniishing,
The auld wife, &c.

Braw sport it was to see her chow't,
And 'tween her gums sae squeeze and row't,
While frae her jaws the slaver flow't,
And ay she curs'd poor stumpy.
The auld wife, &c.

At last she gae a desperate squeeze,
Which brak the auld tooth by the neez,
And syne poor stumpy was at ease,
But she tint hopes of sniishing.
The auld wife, &c.

She of the task began to tire,
And frae her dochters did retire,
Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,
And died for lack of sniishing.
The auld wife, &c.

Ye auld wives, notice weel this truth,
As soon as ye're past mark of mouth,

18 SCOTS SONGS.

Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,
 And leave aff thoughts of snishing :
Else like this wife beyont the fire,
Your bairns against you will conspire ;
Nor will ye get, unless ye hire,
A young man with your snishing.

ANDRO and his Cutty Gun.

BLYTH, blyth, blyth was she,
 Blyth was she butt and ben ;
 And weel she loo'd a Hawick gill,
 And leugh to see a tappit hen.
 She took me in, and set me down,
 And heght to keep me lawin-free ;
 But, canning carlin that she was,
 She gart me birle my bawbie.
 We loo'd the liquor weel enough ;
 But waes my heart my cash was done,
 Before that I had quench'd my drowth,
 And hith I was to paund my shoon.
 When we had three times toom'd our stoup,
 And the neist chappin new begun,
 In started, to heeze up our hope,
 Young ANDRO wi' his cutty gun.
 The carlin brought her kebbuck ben,
 With girdle-cakes weel roasted brown ;
 Weel does the camy kimmer ken
 They gar the scuds gae glibber down.

We ca'd the bicker aft about;
Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun:
And ay the clearest drinker out,
Was ANDRO wi' his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis sing,
And as I in his oxter fat,
He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,
And mony a sappy kiss I gat.
I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been far ayont the sun;
But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,
Was ANDRO wi' his cutty gun.

Bagrie o't.

WHEN I think on this world's pelf,
And how little I hae o't to myself;
I sigh when I look on my thread-bare coat,
And shame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

JOHNNY was the lad that held the plough,
But now he has got goud and gear enough;
I weel mind the day when he was nae worth a groat,
And shame fa', &c.

JENNY was the lass that mucked the byre,
But now she goes in her silken attire;
And she was a lass who wore a plaiden coat,
And shame fa', &c.

Yet a' this shall never danton me,
 Sae lang's I keep my fancy free ;
 While I've but a penny to pay t' other pot,
 May the d—l take the gear and the bagrie o't.

Birks of Abergeldie.

I THOUGHT it ance a lonesome life,
 A lonesome life, a lonesome life,
 I thought it ance a lonesome life,
 To ly sae lang my lane, jo :
 But wha would not my case regret ?
 Since I am cursed wi' a mate,
 What once I long'd for, now I hate ;
 I'm quite another man, jo..

When I was full out nineteen years,
 Out nineteen years, out nineteen years,
 When I was full out nineteen years,
 I held my head fu' high, jo ;
 Then I resolv'd to tak a lass,
 Ne'er thought on what wad come to pass,
 Nor look'd in matrimony's glafs,
 Till headlong down I came, jo..

Before the fatal marriage-day,
 So keen was I, so keen was I,
 I rested neither night nor day,
 But wander'd up and down, jo.
 To please her I took meikle care,
 Ane wad hae thought I sought nae mair,

In the wide world to my share,
But her wrapt in her gown, jo.

My ain sma' stock did scarce defray,
Did scarce defray, did scarce defray,
My ain sma' stock did scarce defray,
Half of the marriage-charge, jo ;
For things belonging to a house,
I gave till I left ne'er a souce ;
O but I'm turned wondrous douse,
And filler's nae fae large, jo.

Her father, and her friends likewise,
Her friends likewise, her friends likewise,
Did had her out for such a prize,
I thought nae labour lost, jo.
I dres'd mysel' from neck to heel,
And a' was for a gilded pill ;
Now I would with the meikle deil
Had her, and pay the cost, jo.

Her father sent a ship to sea,
A ship to sea, a ship to sea,
When it returns, quoth he to me,
I'll pay you ilka plack, jo.

The servants grumble, goodwife raves,
When hungry stomach for them craves,
Now I am tauld by the auld knave,
The ship will ne'er come back, jo.

Alack-a-day, what will I do,
What will I do, what will I do ?
Alack-a-day what will I do ?
The honey-month is done, jo.

My glitt'ring gold is all turn'd dross,
 And filler scarcely will be brass.
 I've nothing but a bonny lass,
 And she's quite out of tune, jo.

Yet she lays a' the blame on me,
 The blame on me, the blame on me,
 Says I brought her to misery,
 This is a weary life, jo.
 I'd run to the wide world's end,
 If I cou'd leave but her behind;
 I'm out o' hopes she'll ever mend;
 She's prov'd a very wife, jo.

Now, bachelors, be wife in time,
 Be wife in time, be wife in time,
 Tho' she's ca'd modest, fair and fine,
 And rich in goud and plate, jo;
 Yet ye'll have cause to curse hard Fate,
 If once she catch you in her net;
 Your blazing star will soon be set;
 Then look before you leap, jo.

Bob of Dumblane.

LASSIE, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
 And I'll lend you my ripling kame;
 For fainness, deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
 If ye'll go dance the Bob of Dumblane.
 Haste ye gang to the ground of your trunkies,
 Busk ye braw, and dinna think shame;
 Consider in time, if leading of monkies
 Be better than dancing the Bob of Dumblane.

Be frank, my lassie, lest I grow fickle,
 And tak my word and offer again,
 Syne ye may chance to repent it meikle
 Ye did not accept of the Bob of Dumblane,
 The dinner, the piper, and priest shall be ready,
 For I'm grown dowie wi' lying my lane ;
 Away then leave baith minny and dady,
 And try wi' me the Bob of Dumblane.

Butter MAY.

IN yonder town there wons a MAY,
 Snack and perfyte as can be ony,
 She is fae jimp, fae gamp, fae gay,
 Sae capornoytie, and fae bonny ;
 She has been woo'd and loo'd by mony,
 But she was very ill to win ;
 She wadna hae him except he were bonny,
 Tho' he were ne'er fae noble of kin.

Her bonnynefs has been forseen,
 In ilka town baith far and near,
 And when she kirns her minny's kirk,
 She rubs her face till it grows clear ;
 But when her minny did perceive
 Sic great inlack amang the butter,
 Shame fa' that filthy face of thine,
 'Tis creesh that gars your grunzie glitter.
*There's Dunkyson, Davyson, Robie Carneil,
 The last wi' the petticoat dances right weel.
 Sing Stidrum, Stouthrum, Suthrum Stonny,
 An ye dance ony mair we'se tell Mefs JOHNNY.
 Sing, &c.*

Blythsome Bridal.

FY let us a' to the bridal,

For there will be liltin' there,

For JOCK's to be married to MAGGIE,

The lass wi' the gowden hair.

And there will be langkail and porridge,

And bannocks of barley-meal,

And there will be good sawt herring,

To relish a cogue of good ale.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be SAWNEY the fountar,

And WILL wi' the meikle mou :

And there will be TAM the blutter,

With ANDREW the tinkler I trow ;

And there will be bow'd-legged ROBIE,

With thumblefs KATIE's goodman ;

And there will be blue-cheeked DOWBIE,

And LAWRIE the laird of the land.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fowlibber PATIE,

And plucky-fac'd WAT i' th' mill,

Capper-nos'd FRANCIE, and GIBBIE

That wons in the how o' the hill ;

And there will be ALASTER SIBBIE,

Wha in wi' black BESSY did mool,

With snivling LILLY, and TIBBY,

The lass that stands oft on the stool.

Fy let us, &c.

And MADGE that was buckled to STENNIE,

And coft him grey breeks to his arse,

Wha after was hangit for stealing,
 Great mercy it happen'd nae warfe :
 And there will be gleed GEORDY JANNERS,
 And KIRSH wi' the lily-white leg,
 Who gade to the south for manners,
 And bang'd up her wame in Mondineg.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be JUDEN MECLOURIE,
 And blinkin daft BARBARA MACLEG,
 Wi' flea-lugged sharney-fac'd LAWRIE,
 And shangy-mou'd halucket MEG,
 And there will be happer-ars'd NANSY,
 And fairy-fac'd FLOWRIE by name,
 Muck MADIE, and fat-hippet GRISY,
 The lafs wi' the gowden wame,
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be girn-again GIBBY,
 Wi' his glaiket wife JENNY BELL,
 And measly-shin'd MUNGO MACAPIE,
 The lad that was skipper himsel :
 There lads, and lasses in pearlins,
 Will feast i' the heart of the ha',
 On fybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
 That are baith foddan and raw.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fadges and brochen,
 With fouth of good gabbock of skate,
 Powfowdie, and drammock, and crowdie,
 And caller nowtfeet in a plate.
 And there will be partens and buckies,
 And whytens and spaldings enew,
 VOL. II. C

And singit sheepheads, and a haggies,

And scadlips to sup till ye spue.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbucks,

And fowens, and farles, and baps,

With swats, and well-scraped paunches,

And brandy in stoups and in caps :

And there will be mealkail and castocks,

And skink to sup till ye rive ;

And roasts to roast on a brander

Of flowks that were taken alive.

Fy let us, &c.

Scrap haddocks, wilks, dulce and tangles,

And a mill of good snishing to prie ;

When weary with eating and drinking,

We'll rise up and dance till we die.

Then fy let us a' to the bridal,

For there will be liltin there,

For JOCK's to be married to MAGGIE,

The lass wi' the gowden hair.

Come this song here. Flatter.
in p. 52.
 The Jolly Beggar.

THERE was a jolly beggar, and a begging he was
 bound,

And he took up his quarters into a land'art town,

And we'll gang nae mair a roving

Sae late into the night,

And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,

Let the moon shine ne'er sae bright.

And we'll gang nae mair a roving.

He wad neither ly in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,
But in ahint the ha' door, or else afore the fire.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi' good clean straw
and hay,

And in ahint the ha' door, and there the beggar lay.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Up raise the goodman's dochter, and for to bar the door,
And there she saw the beggar standin i' the floor.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he ran,
O hooly, hooly wi' me, Sir, ye'll waken our goodman.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar was a cunnin' loon, and ne'er a word he
spake,

Until he got his turn done, syne he began to crack.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Is there ony dogs into this town? Maiden, tell me true:
And what wad ye do wi' them, my hinny and my dow?

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

They'll rive a' my mealpocks, and do me meikle wrang,
O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor man?

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Then she took up the mealpocks and flang them o'er
the wa',

The d—l gae wi' the mealpocks, my maide's head and a'.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

28 SCOTS SONGS.

I took ye for some gentleman, at least the Laird of
Brodie;

O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor bodie?

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and gae her-kisses three,
And four-and-twenty hunder mark to pay the nurice-fee.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud and
shrill,

And four-and-twenty belted knights came skipping o'er
the hill,

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies-fa',
And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang
them a'.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar was a cliver loon, and he lap shoulder height,
O ay for sicken quarters as I gat yesternight.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The Humble Beggar.

IN Scotland there liv'd a humble beggar,

He had neither house, nor hald, nor hame,

But he was weel liked by ilka bodie,

And they gae him funkets to rax his warne.

A nivesow of meal, and handfow of groats,

A daad of a bannock or herring-brie,

Could parradge, or the lickings of plates,
Wad mak him as blyth as a beggar could be.

This beggar he was a humble beggar,
The feint a bit of pride had he,
He wad a ta'en his a'ms in a bikker
Frae gentleman or poor bodie.

His wallets ahint and afore did hang,
In as good order as wallets could be;
A lang kail-gooly hang down by his side,
And a meikle nowt-horn to rout on had he.

It happen'd ill, it happen'd warfe,
It happen'd fae that he did die;
And wha do ye think was at his late-wak,
But lads and lasses of a high dègree?

Some were blyth, and some were sad,
And some they play'd at blind Harrie;
But suddenly up-started the auld carle,
I redd you, good folks, tak tent o' me.

Up gat KATE that sat i' the nook,
Vow kimmer and how do ye?
Up he gat and ca'd her limmer,
And ruggit and tuggit her cockernonie.

They houkit his grave in Duket's kirk-yard,
E'en fair fa' the companie;
But when they were gaum to lay him i' th' yird,
The feint a dead nor dead was he.

And when they brought him to Duket's kirk-yard
He dunted on the kist, the boards did flie;

And when they were gaun to put him i' the yird,
In fell the kist, and out lap he.

He cry'd, I'm cald, I'm unco cald,
Fu' fast ran the folk, and fu' fast ran he ;
But he was first hame at his ain ingle-side,
And he helped to drink his ain dirgie.

Country Lafs.

ALTHO' I be but a country lafs,
Yet a lofty mind I bear—O,
And think mysell as good as those
That rich apparel wear—O.
Altho' my gown be hame-spun grey,
My skin it is as soft—O,
As them that sattin weeds do wear,
And carry their heads aloft—O.

What tho' I keep my father's sheep?
The thing that must be done—O,
With garlands of the finest flow'rs
To shade me frae the sun—O.
When they are feeding pleasantly,
Where grafs and flowers do spring—O,
Then on a flow'ry bank at noon,
I set me down and sing—O.

My Pa ifley piggy cork'd with fage,
Contains my drink but thin—O.
No wines do e'er my brain entage,
Or tempt my mind to sin—O.

My country curds and wooden spoon.

I think them unco fine—O,
And on a flowery bank at noon
I set me down and dine—O.

Altho' my parents cannot raise
Great bags of shining gold—O,
Like them whose daughters now-a-days
Like swine are bought and sold—O;
Yet my fair body it shall keep
An honest heart within—O,
And for twice fifty thousand crowns
I value not a pin—O.

I use nae gums upon my hair,
Nor chains about my neck—O,
Nor shining rings upon my hands,
My fingers straight to deck—O.
But for that lad to me shall fa',
And I have grace to wed—O,
I'll keep a jewel worth them a',
I mean my maidenhead—O.

If canny Fortune give to me
The man I dearly love—O,
Tho' we want gear I dinna care,
My hands I can improve—O.
Expecting for a blessing still
Descending from above—O,
Then we'll embrace and sweetly kiss,
Repeating tales of love—O.

Clout the Caldron..

HAVE you any pots or pans,
 Or any broken chandlers?
 I am a tinker to my trade,
 And newly come frae Flanders,
 As scant of filler as of grace,
 Disbanded, we've a bad run;
 Gar tell the lady of the place,
 I'm come to clout her cauldron:
Fa adrie, didlê, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
 I'll do't to your contentment,
 And dinna care a single flie
 For any man's resentment;
 For lady fair, though I appear
 To ev'ry ane a tinker,
 Yet to yoursell I'm bauld to tell,
 I am a gentle jinker:
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Love JUPITER into a swan
 Turn'd for his lovely LÊDA;
 He like a bull o'er meadows ran,
 To carry aff Europa.
 Then may not I, as well as he,
 To cheat your Argos blinker,
 And win your love like mighty JOVE,
 Thus hide me in a tinkler.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Sir, ye appear a cunning man,
 But this fine plot you'll fail in,

For there is neither pot nor pan
 Of mine you'll drive a nail in.
 Then bind your budget on your back,
 And nails up in your apron,
 For I've a tinkler under tack
 That's us'd to clout my caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Carle came o'er the Craft.

THE carl he came o'er the craft,
 And his beard new shaven,
 He look'd at me, as he'd been daft,
 The carle trows that I wad hae him.
 Howt awa, I winna hae him,
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him!
 For a' his beard be new shaven,
 Ne'er a bit will I hae him.

A fillèd broach he gae me niest,
 To fasten on my curchea nooked,
 I wor'd awi upon my breast;
 But soon, alake! the tongue o't crooked;
 And fae may his, I winna hae him,
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him,
 Ane twice a bairn's a lafs's jest,
 Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

The carl has nae fault but ane;
 For he has lands and dollars plenty;
 But wae's me for him! skin and bane
 Is no for a plump lafs of twenty.

Howt awa, I winna hae him,

Na, forfooth, I winna hae him!

What signifies his dirty riggs,

And cash, without a man wi' them.

But shou'd my canker'd dady gar

Me tak him 'gainst my inclination,

I warn the fumbler to beware,

That antlers dinna claim their station.

Howt awa, I winna hae him!

Na, forfooth, I winna hae him!

I'm fled to crack the haly band,

Sae lawty says, I shou'd nae hae him.

Cast away Care.

CA'RE, away gae thou frae me,
For I am no fit match for thee;

Thou bereaves me of my wits,

Wherefore I hate thy frantic fits:

Therefore I will care no moir,

Since that in cares comes no restoir;

But I will sing hey down a dee,

And cast doilt care away frae me.

If I want, I care to get,

The moir I have, the moir I fret;

Love I much, I care for moir,

The moir I have I think I'm poor:

Thus grief and care my mind opprefs,

Nor wealth nor wae gives no redrefs;

Therefore I'll care no moir in vain,

Since care has cost me meikle pain.

Is not this warld a slidd'ry ball?
And thinks men strange to catch a fall!
Does not the sea baith ebb and flow?
And Fortune's but a painted show.
Why shou'd men take care or grief,
Since that by these comes no relief?
Some careful saw what careless reap,
And wasters ware what niggarts scrape.

Well then, ay learn to know thyself,
And care not for this warldly pelf:
Whether thy 'state be great or small,
Give thanks to GOD whate'er befall.
Sae fall thou than ay live at ease,
No sudden grief shall thee displease:
Then may't thou sing, hey down a dee,
When thou hast cast all care frae thee.

Cock Laird.

A COCK laird fou cadgie,
With JENNY did meet.
He haws'd her, he kifs'd her,
And ca'd her his sweet.
Wilt thou gae alang
Wi' me, JENNY, JENNY?
Thoufe be my ain lemmame,
Jo JENNY, quoth he.
If I gang alang wi' ye,
Ye mauna fail
To feast me with caddels
And good hacket-kail.

The deil's in your nicety,
JENNY, quoth he,
Mayna bannocks of bear-meal
Be as good for thee.

And I maun hae pinner,
With pearling fet round,
A skirt of puddy,
And a waistcoat of brown.
Awa' with silk vanities,
JENNY, quoth he,
For kurchis and kirtles
Are fitter for thee.

My lairdship can yield me
As meikle a year,
As had us in pottage
And good knockit beer :
But having nae tenants,
O JENNY, JENNY,
To buy ought I ne'er have
A penny, quoth he.

The Borrowstoun merchants
Will sell you on tick,
For we maun hae braw things,
Abeit they soud break.
When broken, frae care
The fools are fet free,
When we mak them lairds
In the Abbey, quoth she.

Dainty DAVIE.

WHILE fops in fast Italian verse,
 Ilk fair ane's een and breast rehearse,
 While fangs abound and sense is scarce,
 These lines I have indited:
 But neither darts nor arrows here,
 VENUS nor CUPID shall appear,
 And yet with these fine sounds I swear,
 The maidens are delighted.

*I was ay telling you,
 Lucky NANSY, lucky NANSY,
 Auld springs wad ding the new,
 But ye wad never throw me.*

Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,
 To spread upon my lassie's cheeks;
 And syne th' unmeaning name prefix,
 MIRANDA, CHLOE, or PHILLIS,
 I'll fetch nae simile frae JOVE,
 My height of extasy to prove,
 Nor sighing—thus—present my love,
 With roses eke and lilies.

I was ay telling you, &c.

But stay,—I had amaist forgot
 My mistress and my sang to boot,
 And that's an unco fault I wat;

But, NANSY, 'tis nae matter.

Ye see I clink my verse wi' rhyme,
 And ken ye, that atones the crime;

Forby, how sweet my numbers chyme,
And slide away like water.

I wai ay telling you, &c.

Now ken, my reverend sonfy fair,
Thy runckled cheeks and lyart hair,
Thy half-shut een and hodling air,
Are a' my passion's fewel.

Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,
Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee;
Yet thou hast charms anew for me,
Then smile, and be na cruel.

*Leez me on thy snawy pow,
Lucky NANCY, lucky NANCY,
Dryest wood will eithest low,
And, NANCY, sae will ye now.*

Troth I have sung the sang to you,
Which ne'er anither bard wad do;
Hear then my charitable vow,

Dear venerable NANCY.

But if the warld my passion wrang,
And say ye only live in sang,
Ken I despise a stand'ring tongue,
And sing to please my fancy.

Leez me on thy, &c.

Druken Wife o' Gallowa.

DOWN in yon meadow a couple did tarrie,
The goodwife she drank naething but sack and Canary.
The goodman complain'd to her friends right airly,
O! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

First she drank Crommy, and syne she drank Garie,
And syne she drank my bonny grey marie,
That carried me thro' the dubs and the lairie,
O! gin, &c.

She drank her hose, she drank her shoon,
And syne she drank her bonny new gown;
She drank her fark that cover'd her rarely,
O! gin, &c.

Wad she drink her ain things, I wadna care,
But she drinks my claiths I canna weel spare;
When I'm wi' my gossips, it angers me fairly,
O! gin, &c.

My Sunday's coat she has laid it a wad,
The best blue bonnet e'er was on my head:
At kirk and at market I'm cover'd but barely.
O! gin, &c.

My bonny white mittens I wore on my hands,
Wi' her neighbour's wife she has laid them in pawns;
My bane-headed staff that I loo'd so dearly.
O! gin, &c.

I never was for wrangling nor strife,
Nor did I deny her the comforts of life,
For when there's a war, I'm ay for a parley,
O! gin, &c.

When there's ony money, she maun keep the purse:
If I seek but a bawbie, she'll scold and she'll curse;
She lives like a queen, I scrimped and sparely.
O! gin, &c.

A pint wi' her comers I wad her allow,
But when she sits down, she gets herself fu',
And when she is fu' she is unco-camstarie.

O! gin, &c.

When she comes to the street, she roars and she rants,
Has no fear of her neighbours, nor minds the house wants;
She rants up some fool sang, like, Up your heart, CHARLIE.

O! gin, &c.

When she comes hame, she lays on the lads,
The lasses she ca's them baith b——s and j——s,
And ca's myself ay ane auld cuckold carlie.

O! gin, &c.

For our lang Biding here.

WHEN we came to London town,
We dream'd of gowd in gowpens here,
And rantingly ran up and down,
In rising stocks to buy a skair:
We dastly thought to row in rowth,
But for our daffin paid right dear;
The lave will fare the war-in trouth,
For our lang-biding here.

But when we fand our purfes toom,
And dainty stocks began to fa',
We hang our lugs, and wi' a gloom,
Girn'd at stockjobbing ane and a'.
If ye gang near the South-sea house,
The Whillywhas will grip your gear;
Syne a' the lave will fare the war,
For our lang biding here.

For the sake of Somebody.

*FOR the sake of somebody,
For the sake of somebody;*

I cou'd wake a winter-night

For the sake of somebody.

I am gawn to seek a wife;

I am gawn to buy a plaidy;

I have three stane of woo;

Carling is thy doughter ready?

For the sake, &c.

BETTY, lassie, say't thy sell,

Tho' thy dame be ill to shoo;

First we'll buckle, then we'll tell,

Let her flyte and syne come to:

What signifies a mithers' gloom,

When love and kisses come in play?

Shou'd we wither in our bloom,

And in simmer mak nae hay?

For the sake, &c.

S H E.

Bonny lad, I carena by

Tho' I try my luck wi' thee,

Since ye are content to tye

The ha'f-merk bridal-band wi' me;

I'll slip hame and wash my feet,

And steak on linens fair and clean,

Syne at the tryfing-place we'll meet,

To do but what my dame has done.

For the sake, &c.

D. 3.

H E.

Now my lovely BETTY gives
 Consent in sick a heartsome gait,
 It me frae a' my care relieves,
 And doubts that gart me aft look blate ;
 Then let us gang and get the grace ;
 For they that have an appetite
 Should eat, and lovers should embrace ;
 If these be fau'ts, 'tis Nature's wyte.
For the sake, &c.

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

GIN ye meet a bonny lassie,
 Gi'e her a kifs and let her gae ;
 But if ye meet a dirty hussy,
 Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.
 Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
 Of ilka joy when ye are young,
 Before auld age your vitals nip,
 And lay you twafald o'er a rung.
 Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time ;
 Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
 Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
 Before it wither and decay.
 Watch the fast minntes of delyte,
 When JENNY speaks beneath her breath,
 And kisses, laying a' the wyte
 On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

Haith ye're ill bred, she'll, smiling, say,

Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook;

Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,

And hide herself in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place

Where lyes the happiness ye want,

And plainly tell you to your face,

Nineteen naysays are haff a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,

And sweetly toolie for a kiss:

Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,

As taiken of a future bliss.

These bennifons, I'm very sure,

Are of the gods indulgent grant;

Then, surly carles, whish't, forbear

To plague us wi' your whining cant.

Fint a crum of thee she fa's.

RETURN hameward, my heart, again,
And bide where thou wast wont to be,

Thou art a fool to suffer pain,

For love of ane that loves not thee:

My heart, let be sick fantasie,

Love only where thou hast good cause;

Since scorn and liking ne'er agree,

The fint a crum of thee she fa's.

To what effect shou'd thou be thrall?

Be happy in thine ain free-will,

My heart, be never bestial;

But ken wha does thee good or ill;
And hame with me then tarry still,

And see wha can best play their paws,
And let the filly fling her fill,

For fint a crum of thee she fa's.

Tho' she be fair, I will not feinzie,

She's of a kin wi' mony mae :

For why? they are a felon menzie

That seemeth good, and are not fae.

My heart, take neither sturt or wae

For MEG, for MARJORY, or MAUSE;

But be thou blyth, and let her gae,

For fint a crum of thee she fa's.

Remember how that MEDEA

Wild for a sight of JASON yied;

Remember how young CRESSIDA

Left TROILUS for DIOMEDE;

Remember HELEN, as we read,

Brought Troy from blifs unto bare wa's;

Then let her gae where she may speed,

For fint a crum of thee she fa's.

Because she said, I took it ill,

For her depart my heart was fair,

But was beguil'd; gae where she will,

Beshrew the heart that first takes care;

But be thou merry, late and air,

This is the final end and clause,

And let her feed and fooly fair,

For fint a crum of thee she fa's.

Ne'er dunt again within my breast;
 Ne'er let her flights thy courage spill,
 Nor gie a sob, although she sneest,
 She's fairest paid that gets her will.
 She gecks as gif I meant her ill,
 When she glaiks paughty in her brows;
 Now let her snirt and fyke her fill,
 For fint a crum of thee she fa's.

Fee him, father, fee him.

O SAW ye JOHNY cumin, quo' she,
 Saw ye JOHNY cumin;
 O saw ye JOHNY cumin, quo' she,
 Saw ye JOHNY cumin;
 O saw ye JOHNY cumin, quo' she,
 Saw ye JOHNY cumin;
 Wi' his blew bonnet on his head,
 And his dogie rinnin, quo' she,
 And his dogie rinnin?
 O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
 Fee him, father, fee him;
 O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
 Fee him, father, fee him;
 For he is a gallant lad, and a well-doin, quo' she,
 And a' the wark about the town
 Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,
 Gaes wi' me when I see him.
 O what will I do wi' him, quo' he,
 What will I do wi' him?

He has ne'er a coat upon his back,

And I hae name to gi'e him.

I hae twa coats into my kist,

And' ane of them I'll gi'e him;

And for a merk of mair fee

Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,

Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I loe him, quo' she, weel do I loe him;

For weel do I loe him, quo' she, weel do I loe him.

O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,

Fee him, father, fee him;

He'll ha'd the pleugh, thrash in the barn,

And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,

And crack wi' me at e'en.

Fumbler's Rant.

COME carles a' of fumbler's ha',

And I will tell you of your fate,

Since we have married wives that's bra,

And canna please them when 'tis late;

A pint we'll tak our hearts to chear;

What fau'ts we hae our wives can tell;

Gar bring us in baith ale and beer,

The auldest bairn we hae's oursell.

Christ'ning of weans we are redd of,

The parish priest this he can tell;

We aw him nought but a grey groat,

The off'ring for the house we in-dwell.

Our bairns's tocher is a' paid,
We're masters of the gear oursell;
Let either well or wae betide,
Here's a health to a' the wives that's yell.

Our nibour's auld son and the lafs,
Into the barn amang the strae,
He gripp'd her in the dark beguets,
And after that came meikle wae.
Repentance ay comes afterhin',
It cost the carle baith corn and hay;
We're quat of that wi' little din,
Sick crosses haunt ne'er you nor I.

Now merry, merry may we be,
When we think on our neighbour ROBERT,
The way the carle does, we see,
Wi' his auld son and doughter MAGGIE;
Boots he maun hae, pistols, what not?
The huffy maun hae corkit shoon:
We are nae fae; gar fill the pot,
We'll drink to a' the hours at e'en.

Here's health to JOHN MACKAY we'll drink,
To HUGHIE, ANDREW, BOB, and TAM;
We'll sit and drink, we'll nod and wink,
It is o'er soon for us to gang.
Foul fa' the cock, he's spilt the play,
And I do trow he's but a fool,
We'll sit a while, 'tis lang to day,
For a' the cocks they rave at Yool.

Since we have met, we'll merry be,
The foremost hame shall bear the mell:

I'll set me down, lest I be fee,
 For fear that I should bear't mysell.
 And I, quoth ROB, and down sat he,
 The gear shall never me outide ;
 But we'll take a soup of the barley brie,
 And drink to our ain yell fire-side.

Green grows the Rashes.

PEGGY.

MY JOCKY blyth, for what thou'lt done,
 There is nae help nor mending ;
 For thou hast jog'd me out of tune,
 For a' thy fair pretending.
 My mither sees a change on me,
 For my complexion dashes,
 And this, alas ! has been with thee
 Sae late amang the rashes.

JOCKY.

My PEGGY, what I've said I'll do,
 To free thee from her scouling ;
 Come then and let us buckle to,
 Nae langer let's be fooling ;
 For her content I'll instant wed,
 Since thy complexion dashes ;
 And then we'll try a feather-bed,
 'Tis safer than the rashes.

PEGGY.

Then, JOCKY, since thy love's so true,
 Let mither scowl, I'm eafy :
 Sae lang's I live I ne'er shall rue
 For what I've done to please thee.
 And there's my hand I's near complain ;
 Oh ! well's me on the rashes :
 Whene'er thou likes I'll do't again,
 And a fig for a' their clafhes.

Gäberlunzie Man.

THE pawkie auld carl came o'er the lee,
 Wi' mony good e'ens and days to me,
 Saying, Goodwife, for your courtesie,
 Will you lodge a filly poor man ?
 The night was cauld, the carl was wat,
 And down ayont the ingle he sat ;
 My daughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and fang.

O wow ! quo' he, were I as free,
 As first when I saw this country,
 How blyth and merry wad I be !
 And I wad never think lang.
 He grew canty, and she grew fain ;
 But little did her auld minny ken
 What thir flee twa together were say'ng,
 When wooing they were fae thrang.

*Tradition affirms
 that this song
 that which
 follows was
 composed by
 James the fifth
 or at least has
 reference to the
 amours which
 that monarch
 used to pro-
 secute in va-
 rious disguises.*

And O! quo' he, an ye were as black
As e'er the crown of my dady's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,

And awa wi' me thou shou'd gang.

And O! quo' she, an I were as white,
As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
I'd clead me braw and lady like,

And awa' wi' thee I would gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raise a wee before the cock,
And wilily they shot the lock,

And fast to the bent are they gane.

Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure pat on the claife;
Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,

To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The stray was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hand, cry'd, Waladay!

For some of our geer will be gane.

Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,
But nought was stown that cou'd be mist;
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest!

I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa, as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,
Gae butt the house, lafs, and waken my bairn,

And bid her come quickly ben.

The servant gade where the doughter lay,
The sheets was cauld, she was away,
And fast to her good wife 'gan fay,

She's aff wi' the gaberlunzie man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haste, ye find these traytors again;
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,

The wearifu' gaberlunzie-man.

Some rade upo' horse, some ran a fit,
The wife was wood, and out o' her wit:
She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
But ay she curs'd and she ban'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the lee,
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane cou'd see,
The twa with kindly sport and glee,

Cut frae a new cheefe a whang:

The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.

Quo' the, To leave thee I will be laith,

My winsome gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,

Ill-fardly wad she crook her mou',

Sick a poor man she'd never trow,

After the gaberlunzie-man.

My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,

And ha' nae learn'd the beggars tongue,

To follow me from town to town,

And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,

And spindles and whorles for them wha need,

Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,

To carry the gaberlunzie on.

I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,

And draw a black clout o'er my eye,

A cripple or blind they will ca' me,

While we shall be merry and sing.

E 2

*Then taken in the ...
... on ...*

Glancing of her Apron.

IN January last,
 On Munanday at morn,
 As through the fields I past,
 To view the winter corn,
 I looked me behind,
 And saw come o'er the know,
 And glancing in her apron,
 With a bonny brent brow.
 I said, Good-morrow, fair maid,
 And she right courteously
 Return'd a beck, and kindly said,
 Good-day, sweet Sir, to you,
 I speir'd, my dear, how far awa.
 Do ye intend to gae?
 Quoth she, I mean a mile or twa.
 Out o'er yon broomy brae.

H E.

Fair maid, I'm thankfu' to my fate,
 To have sick company;
 For I'm ganging straight that gate,
 Where ye intend to be.
 When we had gane a mile or twain,
 I said to her, my dow,
 May we not lean us on this plain,
 And kiss your bonny mou.

S H E.

Kind Sir, ye are a wi mistane;
 For I am nane of these,

I hope you some mair breeding ken,
Than to ruffle womens claife :
For may be I have chosen ane,
And plighted him my vow,
Wha may do wi' me what he likes,
And kifs my bonny mou'.

H E.

Na, if ye are contracted,
I hae nae mair to say :
Rather than be rejected,
I will gie o'er the play ;
And chuse anither will respect
My love, and on me rew ;
And let me clasp her round the neck,
And kifs her bonny mou'.

S H E.

O Sir, ye are proud-hearted,
And laith to be said nay,
Else ye wad ne'er a started
For ought that I did say ;
For women in their modesty,
At first they winna bow ;
But if we like your company,
We'll prove as kind as you.

E 3

Gypsie Laddie *.

THE gypsies came to our good lord's gate,
 And wow but they sang sweetly ;
 They sang fae sweet, and fae very complete,
 That down came the fair lady.

And she came tripping down the stair,
 And a' her maids before her ;
 As soon as they saw her well-far'd face,
 They coost the glammer o'er her.

Gae tak frae me this gay mantle,
 And bring to me a plaidie ;
 For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,
 I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,
 And my good lord beside me ;
 This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,
 Whatever shall betide me.

* John Faw was chief or king of the gypsies in James IV.'s time. James IV. about the year 1595 issued a proclamation, ordaining all sheriffs, &c. to assist John Faw in seizing and securing fugitive gypsies, and that they should lend him their prisons, stocks, fetters, &c. for that purpose : charging the lieges that none of them molest, vex, inquiet, or trouble the said Faw and his company in doing their lawful business within the realm, and in their passing, remaining, or going forth of the same, under penalty : and charging all skippers, masters of ships, and mariners within our realm, at all ports and havens to receive said John and his company upon their expences for furthering them furth of the realm to parts beyond sea.

M'LAURIN'S Remarkable Cases, p. 774.

Oh ! come to your bed, says JONNY FAA,
Oh ! come to your bed, my deary ;
For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.

I'll go to bed to my JONNY FAA,
And I'll go to bed to my dearie ;
For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,
That my lord shall nae mair come near me.

I'll mak a hap to my JONNY FAA,
And I'll make a hap to my dearie ;
And he's get a' the coat gaes round,
And my lord shall nae mair come near me.

And when our lord came hame at e'en,
And speir'd for his fair lady,
The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,
She's awa wi' the gypsie laddie.

Gae saddle to me the black, black steed,
Gae saddle and mak him ready ;
Before that I either eat or sleep,
I'll gae seek my fair lady.

And we were fifteen well made men,
Altho' we were nae bonny ;
And we were a' put down but ane,
For a fair young wanton lady.

Hey JENNY come down to JOCK.

JOCKY he came here to woo
On ae feast-day when we were fu' ;
And JENNY pat on her best array,
When she heard JOCKY was come that way.

JENNY she gaed up the stair,
 Sae privily to change her smock;
 And ay sae loud as her mither did rair,
 Hey, JENNY, come down to JOCK.

JENNY she came down the stair,
 And she came bobbin and bakin ben;
 Her stays they were lac'd, and her waist it was jimp,
 And a bra' new-made manco gown.

JOCKY took her be the hand,
 O JENNY, can ye fancy me?
 My father is dead, and he 'as left me some land,
 And bra' houses twa or three;

And I will gie them a' to thee.
 A haith, quo' JENNY, I fear you mock.
 Then foul fa' me gin I scorn thee;
 If ye'll be my JENNY, I'll be your JOCK.

JENNY lookit, and syne she leugh,
 Ye first mair get my mither's consent.
 A weel, goodwife, and what say ye?
 Quo' she, JOCK, I'm weel content.

JENNY to her mither did say,
 O mither, fetch us some good meat;
 A piece of the butter was kirk'd the day,
 That JOCKY and I thegither may eat.

JOCKY unto JENNY did say,
 JENNY, my dear, I want nae meat;
 It was nae for meat that I came here,
 But a' for the love of you, JENNY, my dear.

Then JOCKY and JENNY were led to their bed,
 And JOCKY he lay neist the stock;

And five or six times ere break of day,
He ask'd at JENNY how she lik'd JOCK.

Quo' JENNY, dear JOCK, you gie me content,
I blefs my mither for gieing consent :
And on the next morning before the first cock,
Our JENNY did cry, I dearly love JOCK.

JENNY she gaed up the gait,
Wi' a green gown as fide as her smock ;
And ay sae loud as her mither did rair,
Vow firs ! has nae JENNY got JOCK.

JEANY, where hast thou been.

O JEANY, JEANY, where hast thou been ?
Father and mother are seeking of thee,
Ye have been ranting, playing the wanton,
Keeping of JOCKY company.

O BETTY, I've been to hear the mill clack,
Getting meal ground for the family,
As fow as it gade, I brang hame the sack,
For the miller has taken nae mowter frae me.

Ha ! JEANY, JEANY, there's meal on your back,
The miller's a wanton billy, and flee,
Tho' victual's come hame again hale, whatreck,
I fear he has taken his mowter aff thee.
And, BETTY, ye spread your linen to bleach,
When that was done, where cou'd you be ?
Ha ! lass, I saw ye slip down by the hedge,
And wanton WILLY was following thee.

Ay, JEANY, JEANY, ye gade to the kirk;

But when it skail'd, where cou'd thou be?

Ye came nae hame till it was mirk,

They say the kissing clerk came wi' ye.

O filly lassie, what wilt thou do?

If thou grow great, they'll heez thee high:

Look to your sell, if JOCK prove true,

The clerk frae creepies will keep me free.

JENNY dang the weaver.

O MITHER dear, I 'gin to fear,
Tho' I'm baith good and bonny,

I winna keep; for in my sleep,

I start and dream of JOHNY.

When JOHNY then comes down the glen,

To woo me, dinna hinder;

But with content gi' your consent,

For we twa ne'er can finder.

Better to marry, than miscarry;

For shame and skaith's the clink o't;

To thole the dool, to mount the stool,

I downa bide to think o't;

Sae while 'tis time, I'll shun the crime,

That gars poor EPPS gae whinging,

With haunches fow, and een sae blew,

To all the bedrals binging.

Had EPPY's apron bidden down,

The kirk had ne'er a kend it;

But when the word's gane thro' the town,

Alake how can she mend it!

Now TAM maun face the minister,

And she maun mount the pillar:

And that's the way that they maun gae,

For poor folk hae nae filler.

Now had ye'r tongue, my doughter young,

Replied the kindly mither,

Get JOHNNY'S hand in haly band,

Syne wap your wealth together.

I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,

Ye'll do your part discreetly;

And prove a wife, will gar his life,

And barrel run right sweetly.

JOCKY fou, JENNY fain.

JOCKY fou, JENNY fain,

JENNY was nae ill to gain,

She was couthy, he was kind,

And thus the wooer tell'd his mind:

JENNY, I'll nae mair be nice,

Gi'e me love at ony price,

I winna prig for red or whyt,

Love alane can gi'e delyt.

Others seek they kenny what,

In looks, in carriage, and a' that;

Give me love for her I court:

Love in love makes a' the sport.

Colours mingled unco fine,
 Common motives lang finfyne,
 Never can engage my love,
 Until my fancy first approve.

It is na meat, but appetite
 That makes our eating a delyt;
 Beauty is at best deceit;
 Fancy only kens nae cheat.

JENNY NETTLES.

SAW ye JENNY NETTLES,
 JENNY NETTLES, JENNY NETTLES,
 Saw ye JENNY NETTLES,
 Coming frae the market;
 Bag and baggage on her back,
 Her fee and bountith in her lap;
 Bag and baggage on her back,
 And a bairn in her oxter.

I met ayont the kairney,
 JENNY NETTLES, JENNY NETTLES,
 Singing till her bairny,
 ROBIN RATTLE's bastard;
 To flee the dool, upo' the stool,
 And ilka ane that mocks her,
 She round about, seeks ROBIN out,
 To slap it in his oxter.

Fy, fy! ROBIN RATTLE,
 ROBIN RATTLE, ROBIN RATTLE;

Fy, fy ! ROBIN RATTLE,
 Use JENNY NETTLES kindly ;
 Score out the blame, and shun the shame,
 And without mair debate o't,
 Tak hame your wain, make JENNY fain,
 The leel and leefome gate o't.

JOHN OCHILTREE.

HONEST man JOHN OCHILTREE ;
 Mine ain auld JOHN OCHILTREE,
 Wilt thou come o'er the moor to me,
 And dance as thou was wont to do ?
 Alake, alake, I wont to do !
 Ohon, ohon ! I wont to do !
 Now won't-to-do's awa' frae me,
 Frae silly auld JOHN OCHILTREE.
 Honest man, JOHN OCHILTREE ;
 Mine ain auld JOHN OCHILTREE :
 Come anes out o'er the moor to me,
 And do what thou dow to do.
 Alake, alake ! I dow to do !
 Walaways ! I dow to do !
 To whoft and hirple o'er my tree,
 My bonny moor-powt, is a' I may do.
 Walaways ! JOHN OCHILTREE,
 For many a time I tell'd to thee,
 Thou rade sae fast by sea and land ;
 And wadna keep a bridle hand ;

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Thou'd tine the beast, thyself wad die,
 My silly auld JOHN OCHILTREE.
 Come to my arms, my bonny thing,
 And cheer me up to hear thee sing;
 And tell me o'er a' we hae done,
 For thoughts maun now my life sustain.
 Gae thy ways, JOHN OCHILTREE:
 Hae done! it has nae sae wi' me.
 I'll set the beast in throw the land,
 She'll may be fa' in a better hand;
 Even sit thou there, and drink thy fill,
 For I'll do as I want to do still.

Kirk wad let me be.

I WAS anes a weel-tocher'd lass,
 My mither left dollars to me;
 But now I'm brought to a poor pass,
 My stepdame has gart them flee.
 My father is aften frae hame,
 And she plays the deel with his gear;
 She neither has lawtith nor shame,
 And keeps the hale house in a steer.
 She's barmy-fac'd, thriftless and bauld,
 And gars me aft fret and repine;
 While hungry, ha'f-naked and cauld,
 I see her destroy what is mine:
 But soon I might hope a revenge,
 And soon of my sorrows be free,
 My poortith to plenty wad change,
 If she were hung up on a tree.

Quoth RINGAN, wha lang time had loo'd

This bonny lass tenderly,

I'll tack thee, sweet MAY, in thy snood,

Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.

'Tis only yourfell that I want,

Your kindnefs is better to me

Than a' that your stepmother, scant

Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, its true,

And ye are the sprout of a laird;

But I have milk-cattle enow,

And routh of good rucks in my yard;

Ye shall have naithing to fash ye,

Sax servants shall jonk to thee:

Then kilt up thy coats, my lassie,

And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reason employed,

Not thinking the offer amifs,

Consented,—while RINGAN o'erjoy'd,

Receiv'd her with mony a kifs.

And now she sits blyth singan,

And joking her drunken stepdame,

Delighted with her dear RINGAN,

That makes her goodwife at hame.

Tune, Last Time I came o'er the Muir.

YE blythest lads, and lasses gay,

Hear what my sang discloses:

As I æ morning sleeping lay,

Upon a bank of roses,

Young JAMIE whisking o'er the mead,
 By good luck chanc'd to spy me;
 He took his bonnet aff his head,
 And saftly sat down by me.

JAMIE tho' I right meikle priz'd,
 Yet now I wadna ken him;
 But with a frown my face disguis'd,
 And strave away to send him.
 But fondly he still nearer prest,
 And by my side down lying,
 His beating heart thumped fae fast,
 I thought the lad was dying.

But still resolving to deny,
 An angry passion feigning,
 I aften roughly shot him by,
 With words full of disdaining.
 Poor JAMIE bawk'd, nae favour wins,
 Went aff much discontented;
 But I, in truth, for a' my sins
 Ne'er haff fae fair repented.

Low down in the Broom.

MY daddy is a canker'd carle,
 He'll nae twin wi' his gear;
 My minny she's a scalding wife,
 Hads a' the house a-steer:
*But let them say, or let them do,
 It's a' aye to me;
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,
 That's waiting on me:*

*Waiting on me, my love,
 He's waiting on me;
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,
 That's waiting on me.*

My aunty KATE sits at her wheel,
 And fair she lightlies me;
 But weel ken I it's a' envy,
 For ne'er a jo has she.
But let them, &c.

My cousin KATE was fair beguil'd
 Wi' JOHNNY i' the glen;
 And ay finfyne she cries, Beware
 Of false deluding men.
But let them, &c.

Gleed SANDY he came west ae night,
 And spier'd when I saw PATE;
 And ay finfyne the neighbours round
 They jeer me air and late.
But let them, &c.

Now JENNY she's gane down the broom,
 And it's to meet wi' PATE;
 But what they said, or what they did,
 'Tis needless to repeat:

*But they seem'd blyth and weel content:
 Sae merry mat they be;
 For a constant swain has PATIE prov'd,
 And nae less kind was she:*

*Ye've waited on me, my love,
 Ye've waited on me,*

Ye've waited lang amang the broom,

Now I am bound to thee :

Sae let them say, or let them do,

'Tis a' ane to me ;

For I have vow'd to love you, lad,

Until the day I die.

Lafs wi' a Lump of Land.

GI'E me a lafs wi' a lump of land,
And we for life shall gang the gither,

Tho' daft or wise, I'll never demand,

Or black, or fair, it makens whether.

I'm aff wi' wit, and beauty will fade,

And blood alane is no worth a shilling,

But she that's rich, her market's made,

For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a lafs wi' a lump of land,

And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;

Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,

Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.

Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,

I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle,

Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,

Theyse ne'er get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,

And filler and gowd's a sweet complection ;

For beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,

Have tint the art of gaining affection :

Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
 And castles, and riggs, and muirs, and meadows,
 And naething can catch our modern sparks
 But well-tocher'd lasses, or jointur'd-widows.

My Jo JANET.

SWEET Sir, for your courtesie,
 When ye come by the Bais then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a keeking-glass then.
 Keek into the draw-well, JANET, JANET;
 And there ye'll see your bonny fell, my jo JANET.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,
 What if I shou'd fa' in,
 Syne a' my kin will fay and swear,
 I drown'd mysell for sin.
 Had the better be the brae, JANET, JANET;
 Had the better be the brae, my jo JANET.

Good Sir, for your courtesie,
 Coming through Aberdeen then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pair of shoon then.
 Clout the auld, the new are dear, JANET, JANET;
 Ae pair may gain ye ha'f a year, my jo JANET.

But what if dancing on the green,
 And skipping like a mawking,
 If they should see my clouted shoon,
 Of me they will be tanking.

Dance ay laigh, and late at een, JANET, JANET.
 Syne a' their faults will no be seen, my jo JANET.

Kind Sir, for your courtesie,

When ye gae to the crofs then,

For the love ye bear to me,

Buy me a pacing-horfe then.

Pace upo' your spinning-wheel, JANET, JANET,

Pace upo' your spinning-wheel, my jo JANET.

My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,

The rock o't winna stand, Sir,

To keep the temper-pin in tiff,

Employs aft my hand, Sir.

Mak the best o't that ye can, JANET, JANET;

But like it never wale a man, my jo JANET.

My Daddy forbade, my Minny forbade.

WHEN I think on my lad, I sigh and am sad,
 For now he is far frae me.

My daddy was harsh, my minny was warse,

That gart him gae yont the sea,

Without an estate, that made him look blate;

And yet a brave lad is he.

Gin safe he come hame, in spite of my dame,

He'll ever be welcome to me.

Love speirs nae advice of parents o'er wife,

That have but ae bairn like me,

That looks upon cash, as naething but trash,

That shackles what shou'd be free.

And though my dear lad not æ penny had,
Since qualities better has he ;
Abeit I'm an heirefs, I think it but fair is,
To love him, since he loves me.

Then, my dear JAMIE, to thy kind JEANIE,
Haste, haste thee in o'er the sea,
To her wha can find nae ease in her mind,
Without a blyth fight of thee.
Though my daddy forbade, and my minny forbade,
Forbidden I will not be ;
For since thou alone my favour hast won,
Nane else shall e'er get it for me.

Yet them I'll not grieve, or without their leave,
Gi'e my hand as a wife to thee :
Be content with a heart that can never desert,
Till they cease to oppose or be.
My parents may prove yet friends to our love,
When our firm resolves they see ;
Then I with pleasure will yield up my treasure,
And a' that love orders, to thee.

The Maltman.

THE maltman comes on Munanday,
He craves wonderous fair,
Cries, dame, come gi'e me my filler,
Or malt ye'll ne'er get mair.
I took him into the pantry,
And gave him some good cock-broo,

Syne paid him upon a gantree,
As hostler wives should do.

When maltmen come for filler,
And gaugers wi' wands o'er soon,
Wives, tak them a' down to the cellar,
And clear them as I have done.

This bewith, when cunzie is scanty,
Will keep them frae making din,
The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,
The snackest of a' my kin.

The maltman is right cunning,
But I can be as flee,
And he may crack of his winning,
When he clears scores with me :
For come when he likes, I'm ready ;
But if frae hame I be,
Let him wait on our kind lady,
She'll answer a bill for me.

The Miller.

MERRY may the maid be
That marries the miller,
For foul day and fair day
He's ay bringing till her ;
Has ay a penny in his purse
For dinner and for supper ;
And gin she please, a good fat cheese,
And lumps of yellow butter.

When JAMIE first did woo me,
I speir'd what was his calling;
Fair maid, says he, O come and see,
Ye're welcome to my dwelling:
Though I was shy, yet I cou'd spy
The truth of what he told me,
And that his house was warm and couth,
And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal,
And in the kist was plenty
Of good hard cakes his mither bakes,
And bannocks were na scanty;
A good fat sow, a sleeky cow
Was standin in the byre;
Whilst lazy poufs with mealy mouse
Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,
And bids me tak the miller;
For foul day and fair day
He's ay bringing till her;
For meal and malt she does na want,
Nor ony thing that's dainty;
And now and then a keckling hen
To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter when the wind and rain
Blows o'er the house and byre,
He sits beside a clean hearth stane
Before a rousing fire;
With nut-brown ale he tells his tale,
Which rows him o'er fou nappy:
Who'd be a king—a petty thing,
When a miller lives so happy?

MAGGY LAUDER.

WHA wad na be in love
Wi' bonny MAGGIE LAUDER?

A piper met her gaun to Fife,
And speir'd what was't they ca'd her;
Right scornfully she answer'd him,
Begone, you hallanshaker,
Jog on your gate, you bladderskate,
My name is MAGGIE LAUDER

MAGGIE, quoth he, and by my bags,
I'm fidging fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
In troth I wiinna steer thee;
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is ROB the Ranter,
The lassies loup as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quoth MEG, hae you your bags,
Or is your drone in order?
If you be ROB, I've heard of you,
Live you upo' the border?
The lassies a', baith far and near,
Have heard of ROB the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right goodwill,
Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
MEG up and wallop'd o'er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it.

Weel done, quoth he, play up, quoth she,
 Weel bob'd, quoth ROB the Ranter,
 'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
 When I hae sick a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth MEG,
 Your cheeks are like the crimfon;
 There's nane in Scotland plays fae weel,
 Since we lost HAEBY SIMPSON.
 I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter;
 Gin you should come to Enster fair,
 Speir ye for MAGGIE LAUDER.

Muirland WILLIE.

HARKEN and I will tell you how
 Young muirland WILLIE came to woo,
 Tho' he cou'd neither say nor do;
 The truth I tell to you.
 But ay he cries, 'Whate'er betide,
 MAGGY I'fe hae her to be my bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his grey yade as he did ride,
 Wi' durk and pistol by his side,
 He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee,
 Out o'er yon mofs, out o'er yon muir,
 Till he came to her dady's door,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
 I'm comè your doughter's love to win,
 I carena for making meikle din ;

What answer gi' ye me ?

Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
 I'll gie ye my doughter's love to win,

With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, wooer, fin' ye are lighted down,
 Where do ye won, or in what town ?

I think my doughter winna gloom,

On sick a lad as ye.

The wooer he step'd up the house,
 And wow but he was wondrous crouse,

With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three owfen in a pleugh,
 Twa gude ga'en yades, and gear enough,
 The place they ca' it Cadeneugh ;

I scorn to tell a lie :

Besides, I hae frae the great laird,
 A peat-pat, and a lang kail-yard,

With a fal, dal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
 She was the brawest in a' the town ;

I wat on him she did na gloom,

But blinkir bonnilie.

The lover he stended up in haste,
 And gript her hard about the waste,

With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,
 I'm young, and hae enough o' gear ;

And for mysell you need na fear,
Troth try me whan you like.
He took aff his bonnet, and spat in his chow,
He dighted his gab, and he prie'd her mou',
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu law,
She had na will to say him na,
But to her daddy she left it a',
As they twa cou'd agree.
The lover he ga'e her the tither kifs,
Syn e ran to her daddy, and tell'd him this,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Your doughter wad na say me na,
But to yoursell she'as left it a',
As we cou'd 'gree between us twa;
Say, what'll ye gie me wi' her?
Now, wooer, quo' he, I hae na meikle,
But sick's I hae, ye's get a pickle,
With a fal, dal, &c.

A kilnfu' of corn I'll gie to thee,
Three founs of sheep, twa good milk kye,
Ye's hae the wadding dinner free;
Troth I dow do nae mair.
Content, quo' he, a bargain be't,
I'm far frae hame, mak haste, let's do't,
With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal-day it came to pass,
Wi' mony a blythfome lad and lass;
But sicken a day there never was,
Sick mirth was never seen.

This winsome couple straked hands,
 Mefs JOHN ty'd up the marriage-bands,
With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
 Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,
 Frae tap to tae they were bra' new,
 And blinkit-bonnillie.
 Their toys and mutches were fae clean,
 They glanced in our ladses' een,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Sick hirdum, dirdum, and sick din,
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him;
 The minstrels they did never blin,
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
 And ay they bobit, and ay they beck't,
 And ay their wames together met,
With a fal, dal, &c.

MAGGIE's Tocher.

THE meal was dear short syne,
 We buckled us a' the gither;
 And MAGGIE was in her prime,
 When WILLIE made courtship till her.
 Twa pistols charg'd beguets,
 To gi'e the courting-shot;
 And syne came ben the las,
 Wi' swats drawn frae the butt.

He first speir'd at the guidman,
And syne at GILES the mither,
An ye wad gie's a bit land,
We'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My doughter ye shall hae,
I'll gi'e you her by the hand;
But I'll part wi' my wife, by my fay,
Or I part wi' my land.
Your tocher it fall be good,
There's nane fall hae its maik,
The las bound in her snood,
And Crummie wha kens her staik;
Wi' an auld bedding o' claiths,
Was left me by my mither,
They're jet-black o'er wi' fleas,
Ye may cuddle in them the gither.

Ye speak right weel, guidman,
But ye maun mend your hand,
And think o' modesty,
Gin you'll not quat your land.
We are but young, ye ken,
And now we're gaun the gither;
A house is but and ben,
And Crummie will want her fother.
The bairns are coming on,
And they'll cry, O-their mither!
We've nouthar pat nor pan,
But four bare legs the gither.
Your tocher's be good enough,
For that you needna fear;

Twa good flits to the plough,
 And ye yoursell maun steer :
 Ye fall hae twa good pocks
 That ance were o' the tweel,
 The t'ane to ha'd the grots,
 The ither to ha'd the meal :
 Wi' an auld kist made o' wands,
 And that fall be your coffer,
 Wi' aiken woody bands,
 And that may ha'd your tocher.

Consider well, guidman,
 We hae but barrow'd gear,
 The horse that I ride on
 Is SANDY WILSON's mare ;
 The saddle's nane o' my ain,
 And thae's but barrow'd boots,
 And whan that I gae hame,
 I maun tak to my coots ;
 The cloak is GEORDY WATT's,
 That gars me look fae crouse ;
 Come, fill us a cogue of swats,
 We'll mak nae mair toom roose.

I like you weel, young lad,
 For telling me fae plain,
 I married whan little I had
 O' gear that was my ain.
 But sin that things are fae,
 The bride she maun come forth,
 Tho' a' the gear she'll hae
 'Twill be but little worth.

A bargain it maun be,
Fy cry on GILES the mither;
Content am I, quo' she,
E'en gar the hiffie come hither.
The bride she gade to her bed,
The bridegroom he cam till her;
The fidler crap in at the fit,
And they cuddle'd it a' the gither.

Scornfu' NANSY.

NANSAY's to the Green-wood gane,
To hear the gowdspink chatt'ring,
And WILLIE he has followed her,
To gain her love by flatt'ring:
But a' that he cou'd say or do,
She geck'd and scorned at him;
And ay whan he began to woo,
She bade him mind wha gat him.
What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
My minny, or my aunty?
With crowdymoudy they fed me,
Langkail and rantytanty:
With bannocks of good barley-meal,
Of thae there was right plenty,
With chapped kail butter'd fu' weel;
And was not that right dainty?
Altho' my daddy was nae laird,
('Tis daffin to be vaunty),

He keepit ay a good kail-yard,
 A ha'-house, and a pantry ;
 A good blue bonnet on his head,
 An o'erlay 'bout his craigy ;
 And ay until the day he died
 He raide on good thanks-naigy.

Now wae and wonder on your snout,
 Wad ye hae bonny NANSY ?
 Wad ye compare yourfell to me,
 A docken to a tanfy ?
 I hae a wooer o' my ain,
 They ca' him souple SANDY,
 And weel I wat his bonny mou'
 Is sweet like sugarcandy.

Wow, NANSY, what needs a' this din ?
 Do I not ken this SANDY ?
 I'm sure the chief of a' his kin
 Was RAB the beggar randy ;
 His minny MEG upo' her back
 Bare baith him and his billy ;
 Will ye compare a nasty pack
 To me your winsome WILLIE ?

My gutcher left a good braid sword,
 Tho' it be auld and rusty,
 Yet ye may tack it on my word,
 It is baith stout and trusty ;
 And if I can but get it drawn,
 Which will be right uneasy,
 I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
 That he shall get a heezy.

I ken he's but a coward thief;
 Your titty BESS can tell him,
 How with her rock she beat his beef,
 And swore that she wad fell him.
 Then he lay blirting, like a sheep,
 And said he was a fau'ter;
 Syne unto her did chirm and cheep,
 And asked pardon at her.

Then, bonny NANSY, turn to me,
 And so prevent all evil;
 Let thy proud speechees now a' be,
 And prove somewhat mair civil;
 Bid souple SANDY get him gone,
 And court his auld coal MAGGIE,
 Wi' a' his duds outo'er his drone,
 And nought about his cragie.

Then NANSY turn'd her round about,
 And said, Did SANDY hear ye,
 Ye wadna mis to get a clout;
 I ken he disna fear ye:
 Sae had your tongue and say nae mair,
 Set somewhere else your fancy;
 For as lang's SANDY's to the fore,
 Ye never shall get NANSY.

Slighted NANSY.

'TIS I have sev'n braw new gowns,
 And ithier sev'n better to mak,
 And yet for a' my new gowns,
 My wooer has turn'd his back.

Besides I hae seven milk-ky,
And SANDY he has but three ;
And yet for a my good ky
The laddie winna hae me.

My daddy's a delver of dykes,
My mither can card and spin,
And I'm a fine fudgel las,
And the filler comes linkin in ;
The filler comes linkin in,
And it's fu' fair to see,
And fifty times wow, O wow !
What ails the lads at me ?

Whenever our bawty does bark,
Then fast to the door I rin,
To see gin ony young spark
Will I ght and venture but in :
But never a ane will come in,
Tho' mony a ane gaes by,
Syne far ben the house I rin,
And a weary wight am I.

When I was at my first prayers,
I prayed but ance in the year ;
I wish'd for a handsome young lad,
And a lad wi' muckle gear.
When I was at my neist prayers,
I pray'd but now and than ;
I fash'd na' my head about gear,
If I gat but a handsome young man.
But now when I'm at my last prayers,
I pray on baith night and day,

And O ! if a beggar wad come,
With that same beggar I'd gae.
And O ! what will come o' me !
And O ! and what'll I do ?
That sick a braw lassie as I
Shou'd die for a wooer I trow.

Norland Jocky.

A SOUTHLAND JENNY, that was right bonny,
Had for a fuitier a Norland JOHNY ;
But he was sicken a bashful wooer,
'That he cou'd scarcely speak unto her ;
Till blinks o' her beauty, and hopes o' her filler,
Forced him at last to tell his mind till her.
My dear, quoth he, we'll nae langer tarry,
Gin ye can loo me, let's o'er the muir and marry.

S H E.

Come, come awa' then, my Norland laddie,
Tho' we gang neatly, some are mair gawdy ;
And albeit I have neither gowd nor money,
Come, and I'll ware my beauty on thee.

H E.

Ye lasses o' the south, ye're a' for dressing ;
Lasses o' the north mind milking and threshing ;
My minny wad be angry, and fae wad my dady,
Should I marry aie as dink as a lady ;
For I maun hae a wife that will rise i' the morning,
Crudle a' the milk, and keep the house a' scolding,

Toolie wi' her nei'bours, and learn at my minny.
A Norland JOCKY maun hae a Norland JENNY.

S H E.

My father's only daughter, and twenty thousand-pound,
Shall never be bestow'd on sic a silly clown :
For a' that I said was to try what was in ye.
Gae hame, ye Norland JOCK, and court your Norland
JENNY.

O'er the Muir to MAGGIE.

AND I'll o'er the muir to MAGGIE,
Her wit and sweetness call me,

Then to my fair I'll show my mind,
Whatever may befall me.

If she love mirth, I'll learn to sing ;

Or like the Nine to follow,

I'll lay my lugs in PINDUS' spring,

And invoke APOLLO.

If she admire a martial mind,

I'll sheath my limbs in armour ;

If to the softer dance inclin'd,

With gayest airs I'll charm her ;

If she love grandeur, day and night,

I'll plot my nation's glory,

Find favour in my prince's fight,

And shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with ease,

Where wit is corresponding ;

And bravest men know best to please,
 With complaisance abounding.
 My bonny MAGGIE'S love can turn
 Me to what shape she pleases,
 If in her breast that flame shall burn,
 Which in my bosom bleazes.

O'er the Hills and far away.

JOCKY met with JENNY fair,
 Aft by the dawning of the day;
 But JOCKY now is fu' of care,
 Since JENNY staw his heart away:
 Altho' she promis'd to be true,
 She proven has, alake! unkind;
 Which gars poor JOCKY aften rue,
 That e'er he loo'd a fickle mind.

And it's o'er the hills and far away,

It's o'er the hills and far away,

It's o'er the hills and far away,

The wind has blawn my plaid away.

Now JOCKY was a bonny lad
 As e'er was born in Scotland fair;
 But now, poor man, he's e'en gane wood,
 Since JENNY has gart him despair.
 Young JOCKY was a piper's son,
 And fell in love when he was young,
 But a' the springs that he cou'd play
 Was, O'er the hills and far-away.

And it's o'er the hills, &c.

He sung,——When first my JENNY's face
 I saw, she seem'd sae fu' of grace,
 With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
 That's now, alas ! with sorrow kill'd.
 Oh ! was she but as true as fair,
 'Twad put an end to my despair.
 Instead of that, she is unkind,
 And wavers like the winter wind.

And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Ah ! cou'd she find the disinal wae,
 That for her sake I undergae,
 She cou'd na chuse but grant relief,
 And put an end to a' my grief :
 But, oh ! she is as fause as fair,
 Which causes a' my sighs and care ;
 And she triumphs in proud disdain,
 And takes a pleasure in my pain.

And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Hard was my hap, to fa' in love,
 With ane that does so faithless prove !
 Hard was my fate, to court a maid,
 That has my constant heart betray'd !
 A thousand times to me she sware,
 She wad be true for evermair ;
 But to my grief, alake ! I say,
 She staw my heart, and ran away.

And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Since that she will nae pity take,
 I maun gae wander for her sake,
 And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove,
 I'll sighing sing, Adieu to love.

Since she is fause whom I adore,
 I'll never trust a woman more :
 Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
 And on my pipe I'll sweetly play,
O'er hills and dales and far away,
O'er hills and dales and far away,
O'er hills and dales and far away,
The wind has blawn my plaid away.

The Runaway Bride.

A LADIE and a lassie
 Dwelt in the South countrie,
 And they hae caffen their claiths thegither,
 And married they wad be :
 The bridal-day was set,
 On Tiseday for to be ;
 Then hey play up the rinawa' bride,
 For she has ta'en the gie.
 She had nae run a mile or twa,
 Whan she began to consider,
 The angering of her father dear,
 The displeasing o' her mither ;
 The slighting of the silly bridegroom,
 The weel warft o' the three ;
Then hey, &c.

Her father and her mither
 Ran after her wi' speed,
 And ay they ran until they came
 Unto the water of Tweed ;
 And when they came to Kelso town,
 They gart the clap gae thro',

Saw ye a lafs wi' a hood and a mantle,

The face o't lin'd up wi' blue ;

The face o't lin'd up wi' blue,

And the tail lin'd up wi' green,

Saw ye a lafs wi' a hood and a mantle,

Was married on Tuseday 'teen ?

Now wally fu' fa' the silly bridegroom,

He was as saft as butter ;

For had she play'd the like to me,

I had nae sae easily quit her ;

I'd gi'en her a tune o' my hoboy,

And set my fancy free,

And syne play'd up the runaway bride,

And litten her tak the gie.

The Country Wedding.

ROB'S JOCK came to wooe our JENNIE
On ae feast-day when he was fow ;

She bused her and made her bonnie

When she heard JOCK was come to wooe :

She burnish'd her haith breast and brow,

Made her as clear as ony clock.

Then spake our dame, and said, I trow

You're come to wooe our JENNIE, JOCK !

Ay, dame, says he, for that I yern

To lout my head, and sit down by you :

Then spake our dame, and said, My bairn

Has tocher of her awn to gi' you.

Tee hee, quoth JENNIE, keik, I see you ;

Minnie, this man makes but a mock.

Why say ye sae ? now leese me o' you,

I come to woo your JENNIE, quoth JOCK.

My bairn has tocher of her awn,
 Although her friends do nane her lend;
 A stirk, a staig, an acre fawn,
 A goose, a gryce, a clocking hen,
 Twa kits, a cogue, a kirm there ben,
 A keam, but and a keaming-stock,
 Of dishes and ladles nine or ten.
 Come ye to woove our JENNIE, JOCK ?
 A trough, a trencher, and a tap,
 A taings, a tullie, and a tub,
 A sey-dish and a milking-cap,
 A greap into a grupe to grub,
 A shode-shool of a holin club,
 A froath-stick, can, a creel, a knock,
 A braik for hemp, that she may rub,
 If ye will marry our JENNIE, JOCK.
 A furm, a firiot, and a peck,
 A rock, a reel, a gay elwand,
 A sheet, a happer, and a sack,
 A girdle, and a good wheel-band.
 Syne JOCK took JENNIE by the hand,
 And cry'd a banquet; and slew a cock;
 They hsd the bridal upon land,
 That was between our JENNIE and JOCK.
 The bride upon her wedding went
 Barefoot upon a hemlock hill;
 The bride's garter was o' bent,
 And she was born at Kelly-mill.
 The first propine he hecht her till,
 He hecht to hit her head a knock,
 She baked and she held her still;
 And this gate gat our JENNIE, JOCK.

When she was wedded in his name;
 And unto him she was made spouse,
 They hasted them soon hame again,
 To denner to the bridal-house.

JENNIE fat jouking like a moufe,
 But JOCK was kneef as ony cock;
 Says he to her, Had up your brows,
 And fa' to your meat, my JENNIE, quoth JOCK.

What meat shall we set them beforne,
 To JOCK service loud can they cry,
 Serve them with fowce and foddren corn,
 Till a' their wyms do stand awry:
 Of swine's flesh there was great plenty,
 Whilk was a very pleasant meat;
 And garlick was a sauce right dainty
 To ony man that pleas'd to eat.

They had six lavrocks fat and laden,
 With lang-kail, mutton, beef, and brose,
 A wyme of paunches tough like plaiden,
 With good May butter, milk, and cheese.
 JENNIE sat up even at the meace,
 And a' her friends sat her beside;
 They were a' serv'd with shrewd service,
 And sae was seen upon the bride.

Out at the back-door fast she flade,
 And loos'd a buckle wi' some bends,
 She cackied JOCK for a' his pride,
 And jawed out at baith the ends;
 So stoutly her mother her defends,
 And says, My bairn's loose in the dock,
 It comes o' cauld, to make it kend;
 Think nae ill o' your JENNIE, JOCK.

Now dame, says he, your daughter I've married,

Altho' you hold it never so tough;

And friends shall see she's nae miscarried,

For I wat I have gear enough:

An auld ga'd glyde fell owre the heugh,

A cat, a cunnin, and a cock;

I wanted eight ousen, though I had the plough:

May this not serve your JENNIE, quoth JOCK?

I have good fire for winter-weather,

A cod o' caff won'd fill a cradle,

A halter, and a good hay-tether,

A duck about the doors to paddle;

The pannel of a good auld saddle,

And ROB my emme hecht me a sock,

Twa lovely lips to lick a laddle;

Gif JENNIE and I agree, quoth JOCK.

A treen spit, a ram-horn spoon,

A pair o' boots o' barked leather,

All graith that's meet to coble shoon,

A thraw-crook for to twine a tether;

A sword, a sweel, a swine's bladder,

A trump o' steel, a feather'd lock,

An auld scull-hat for winter-weather,

And meikle mair, my JENNIE, quoth JOCK.

I have a cat to catch a mouse,

A girse-green cloak, but it will stenzie;

A pitch-fork to defend the house,

A pair of branks, a bridle renzie;

Of a' our store we need not plenzie,

Ten thousand flechs until a pock;

And is not this a wakerife menzie,

To gae to bed wi' JENNIE and JOCK?

Now when their dinner they had done,
 Then JOCK himself began t' advance;
 He had the piper play up soon,
 For, be his troth, he wou'd gae dance.
 The piper piped till's wyme gripped,
 And a' the rout began to revel:
 The bride about the ring she skipped,
 Till out starts baith the carle and cavel.

Weel danc'd, DICKIE, stand aside, SANDIE;
 Weel danc'd EPPIE and JENNIE!
 He that tynes a stot o' the spring,
 Shall pay the piper a pennie.
 Weel danc'd, HUGH FISHER;
 Come, take out the bride and kiss her;
 Weel danc'd, BESSIE and STE'EN!
 Now sick a dance was never seen
 Since *Christ's Kirk on the green*.

Rock and wee Pickle Tow.

THERE was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow;
 And she wad gae try the spinning o't,
 But louten her down, her rock took a low,
 And that was an ill beginning o't;
 She lap and she grat, she flet and she flang,
 She trow and she drew, she ringled, she rang,
 She choaked she bocked, and cried, Let me hang,
 That ever I try'd the spinning o't.

I hae been a wife thiese threescore of years,
 And never did try the spinning o't;

But how I was farked foul fa' them that speirs,

For it minds me o' the beginning o't;

The women now a-days are turned sae bra',

That ilk ane maun hae a fark, some maun hae twa,

But the warld was better whan feint ane ava,

But a wee rag at the beginning o't.

Foul fa' them that e'er advis'd me to spin,

For it minds me o' the beginning o't;

I might well have ended as I had begun,

And never had try'd the spinning o't:

But they say she's a wise wife wha kens her ain weird;

I thought ance a day it wad never be speir'd,

How loot you the low tak the rock by the beard,

Whan you gaed to try the spinning o't?

The spinning, the spinning, it gars my heart fab,

Whan I think on the beginning o't;

I thought ance in a day to 'ave made a wab,

And this was to 'ave been the beginning o't;

But had I nine daughters, as I hae but three,

The safest and foundest advice I wad gie,

That they frae spinning wad keep their hands free,

For fear o' an ill beginning o't.

But in spite of my counsel if they wad needs run

The dreary sad task o' the spinning o't,

Let them seek out a loun place at the heat o' the sun,

Syne venture on the beginning o't:

For, O do as I've done, alake and vow,

To-busk up a rock at the cheek of a low,

They'd say, that I had little wit in my pow,

And as little I've done wi' the spinning o't.

Same Tune.

I HAE a green purse and a wee pickle gowd,
 A bonny piece land, and planting on't,
 It fattens my flocks, and my barns it has stowed;
 But the best thing of a's yet wanting on't:
 To grace it, and trace it, and gi'e me delight,
 To bless me, and kiss me, and comfort my sight,
 With beauty by day, and kindness by night,
 And nae mair my lane gang faunt'ring on't.

My **CHIRSTY** is charming, and good as she's fair;
 Her een and her mouth are enchanting sweet;
 She smiles me on fire, her frowns gi'e despair;
 I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.
 Thou fairest and dearest delight of my mind,
 Whose gracious embraces by Heav'n were design'd
 For happiest transports, and blisses refin'd,
 Nae langer delay thy granting sweet.

For thee, bonny **CHIRSTY**, my shepherds and hynds
 Shall carefully make the year's dainties thine;
 Thus freed frae laigh care, while love fills our minds,
 Our days shall with pleasure and plenty shine.
 Then hear me, and chear me with smiling consent,
 Believe me, and give me no cause to lament,
 Since I ne'er can be happy till thou say Content,
 I'm pleas'd with my **JAMIE**, and he shall be mine.

To the Tune of *Saw ye nae my PEGGY*.

COME, let's hae mair wine in,
BACCHUS hates repining,
VENUS loes nae dwinning,
 Let's be blyth and free.

Away with dull, Here t'ye, Sir,
 Your mistress, ROBIE, gies her,
 We'll drink her health wi' pleasure,
 Wha's belov'd by thee.

Then let PEGGY warm ye,
 That's a lass can charm ye,
 And to joys alarm ye,
 Sweet is she to me.
 Some angel ye wad ca' her,
 And never wish ane brawer,
 If ye bareheaded saw her,
 Kiltit to the knee.

PEGGY a dainty lass is ;
 Come, let's join our glasses,
 And refresh our haafes,
 With a health to thee.
 Let coofs their cash be clinking,
 Be statesmen tint in thinking,
 While we with love and drinking
 Gie our cares the lie.

Spinning Wheel.

AS I sat at my spinning-wheel,
 A bonny lad was passing by :
 I view'd him round, and lik'd him weel,
 For trouth he had a glancing eye.
 My heart new panting 'gan to feel,
 But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

With looks all kindnefs he drew near,
And ftill mair lovely did appear;
And round about my slender waift
He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd :
To kifs my hand fyne down did kneel,
As I fat at my fpinning-wheel.

My milk-white hands he did extol,
And prais'd my fingers lang and fmall,
And faid, there was nae lady fair
That ever cou'd with me compare.
Thefe words into my heart did ftéal,
But ftill I turn'd my fpinning-wheel.

Altho' I feemingly did chide,
Yet he wad never be deny'd,
But ftill declar'd his love the mair,
Untill my heart was wounded fair :
That I my love cou'd fcarce conceal,
Yet ftill I turn'd my fpinning-wheel.

My hanks of yarn, my rock and reel,
My winnells and my fpinning-wheel;
He bid me leave them all with fpeed,
And gang with him to yonder mead :
My yielding heart ftrange flames did feel,
Yet ftill I turn'd my fpinning-wheel.

About my neck his arm he laid,
And whisper'd, Rife, my bonny maid,
And with me to your haycock go,
I'll teach thee better wark to do.
In trouth I loo'd the motion weel,
And loot alane my fpinning-wheel.

Amang the pleasant cocks of hay,
 Then with my bonny lad I lay;
 What lassie, young and fast as I,
 Cou'd sicker a handsome lad deny?
 These pleasures I cannot reveal,
 That far surpass the spinning-wheel.

Steer her up and had her gawin.

O STEER her up, and had her gawin,
 Her mither's at the mill, jo;
 But gin she winna tak a man,
 E'en let her tak her will, jo.
 Pray thee, lad, leave silly thinking,
 Cast thy cares of love away;
 Let's our sorrows drown in drinking,
 'Tis daffin langer to delay.
 See that shining glass of claret,
 How invitingly it looks;
 Tak it aff, and let's hae mair o't,
 Pox on sighing, trade, and books.
 Let's hae mair pleasure while we're able,
 Bring us in the meikle bowl,
 Place't on the middle of the table,
 And let the wind and weather gowl.
 Call the drawer, let him fill it
 Fou' as ever it can hold:
 O tak tent ye dinna spill it,
 'Tis mair precious far than gold.
 By you've drunk a dozen bumpers,
 BACCHUS will begin to prove,

Spite of VENUS and her mumpers,
 Drinking better is than love.

Sleepy Body.

*S*omnolente, quæso, repente
 Vigila, vivat, me tange.

Somnolente, quæso, repente
Vigila, vive, me tange.

Cum me ambiebas,
Videri solebas

Amoris negotiis aptus ;

At factus moritus,
In lecto sopitus

Somno es, haud amore, tu captus.

O sleepy body,
 And drowsy body,

O wiltuna waken and turn thee ?

To drivel and draunt,
 While I sigh and gaunt,

Gives me good reason to scorn thee.

When thou shouldst be kind,

Thou turns sleepy and blind,

And snoters and snores far frae me.

Wae light on thy face,

Thy drowsy embrace

Is enough to gar me betray thee.

Sir JOHN MALCOLM.

KEEP ye weel frae Sir JOHN MALCOLM, Igo
and ago,

If he's a wise man, I mistak him, Iram coram dago.
Keep ye weel frae SANDIE DON, Igo and ago,
He's ten times dafter than Sir JOHN, Iram coram dago.

To hear them of their travels talk,
To gae to London's but a walk :
I hae been at Amsterdam,
Where I saw mony a braw madam.

To see the wonders of the deep,
Wad gar a man baith wail and weep ;
To see the Leviathans skip,
And wi' their tail ding o'er a ship.

Was ye e'er in Crail town ?
Did ye see Clark DISHINGTON ?
His wig was like a drouket hen,
And the tail o't hang down,
like a meikle maan lang draket gray goose-pen.

But for to make ye mair enamour'd,
He has a glafs in his best chamber ;
But forth he stept unto the door,
For he took pills the night before.

There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

MY sweetest MAY, let love incline thee,
T' accept a heart which he designs thee ;
And, as your constant slave regard it,
Syne for its faithfulness reward it.

'Tis proof a-shot to birth or money,
 But yields to what is sweet and bonny;
 Receive it then with a kiss and a smile,
 There's my thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these lips of thine are!
 Thy bosom white and legs sae fine are,
 That, when in pools I see thee clean 'em,
 They carry away my heart between 'em.
 I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin,
 O gin I had thee on a mountain,
 Tho' kith and kin and a' shou'd revile thee,
 There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry hows I dander,
 Tenting my flocks lest they should wander;
 Gin thou'll gae along, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
 And gi' ye my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
 O my dear lassie, it is but daffin,
 To had thy wooer up ay niff-naffin.
 That Na, na, na, I hate it most vilely,
 O say Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Tarry Woo.

TARRY woo, tarry woo,
 Tarry woo is ill to spin,
 Card it well, card it well,
 Card it well ere ye begin.
 When 'tis carded, row'd and spun,
 Then the work is hastens done;
 But when woven, drest and clean,
 It may be cleading for a queen.

Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,
 That feed upon the mountains steep,
 Bleating sweetly as ye go,
 Thro' the winter's frost and snow;
 Hart and hynd and fallow deer,
 No be ha'f so useful are;
 Frae kings to him that ha'ds the plow,
 Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

Up ye shepherds, dance and skip,
 O'er the hills and valleys trip,
 Sing up the praise of tarry woo,
 Sing the flocks that bear it too;
 Harmless creatures without blame,
 That clead the back and cram the wame,
 Keep us warm and hearty fou;
 Leese me on the tarry woo.

How happy is a shepherd's life,
 Far frae courts and free of strife,
 While the gimmers bleat and bae,
 And the lambkins answer mae?
 No such music to his ear,
 Of thief or fox he has no fear;
 Sturdy kent and colly too,
 Well defend the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none;
 Not even a monarch on his throne,
 Tho' he the royal scepter sways,
 Has not sweeter holydays.
 Who'd be a king, can ony tell,
 When a shepherd sings fae well;
 Sings fae well, and pays his due,
 With honest-heart and tarry woo?

Tak your auld Cloak about you.

IN Winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill :
 Then BELL, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 Get up, goodman, save Cromy's life,
 And tak your auld cloak about ye.

*O BELL, why dost thou flyta and scorn ?
 Thou kenst my cloak is very thin :
 It is so bare and overworne,
 A cricke he thereon cannot rin :
 Then I'll noe longer borrow nor lend,
 For ance I'll new apparel'd be,
 To-morrow I'll to town and spend,
 For I'll have a new cloak about me.*

My Cromie is an useful cow,
 And she is come of a good kine ;
 Aft has she wet the bairns' men,
 And I am laith that she shou'd tyne ;
 Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
 The sun shines in the list sae hie ;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Gae tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear ;
 But now its scanty worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this thirty year ;

Let's spend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die;
Then I'll be prond, since I have sworn
To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our King ROBERT rang,
His trews they cost but ha'f-a-crown;
He said they were a groat o'er dear,
And ca'd the taylor thief and lowr;
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

Every land has its ain lough,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool;
I think the world is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule;
Do ye not see ROB, JOCK and HAB,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I sit hurklen in the afe?
I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we have had between us twa,
Of lads and bonny lasses ten:
Now, they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray well may they be;
And if you prove a good husband,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

BELL, my wife she lo'es na strife;
But she wad guidé me if she can,

And to maintain an easy life;
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm goodman :
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand;
 Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea ;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

TIBBY FOWLER of the Glen.

TIBBY has a store of charms,
 Her genty shape our fancy warms ;
 How strangely can her fina' white arms
 Fetter the lads who look but at her !
 Frae her ancle to her slender waist,
 These sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her ;
 Her rosy cheek and rising breast
 Gar ane's mouth guth bowt fu' of water.

NELLY's gawfy, saft, and gay,
 Fresh as the lucken flowers in May ;
 Ilk ane that sees her, cryes, Ah, hey !
 She's bonny ! Oh ! I wonder at her.
 The dimples of her chin and cheek,
 And limbs fae plump invite to dawt her ;
 Her lips fae sweet, and skin fae sleek,
 Gar mony mouths besides mine water.

Now strike my finger in a bore,
 My wifon wi' the maiden shore,
 Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
 When these twa stars appear the gither ;

O Love! why didst thou gi'e thy fires
Sae large, while we're oblig'd to neither?
Our spacious fauls' immense desires,
And ay be in a hankerin swither.

TIBBY's shape and airs are fine,
And NELLY's beauties are divine;
But since they canna baith be mine,
Ye gods, give ear to my petition:
Provide a good lad for the tane,
But let it be with this provision,
I get the other to my lane,
In prospect, *plano*, and fruition.

This is no mine ain house.

THIS is no mine ain house,
I ken by the rigging o't;
Since with my love I've changed vows,
I dinna like the bigging o't.
For now that I'm young ROBIE's bride,
And mistress of his fire-side,
Mine ain house I like to guide,
And please me wi' the trigging o't.
Then farewell to my father's house,
I gang where love invites me;
The strictest duty this allows,
When love with honour meets me.
When HYMEN moulds me into aye,

My ROBIE's nearer than my kin,
 And to refuse him were a sin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I am in mine ain house,
 True love shall be at hand ay,
 To make me still a prudent spouse,
 And let my man command ay;
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
 The common pest of married life,
 That makes ane wearied of his wife,
 And breaks the kindly band ay.

Todlen hame.

WHAN I've a saxpence under my tilum,
 Then I'll get credit in ilka town:
 But ay whan I'm poor they bid me gang by;
 O! poverty parts good company.
 Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 Cou'dna my love come todlen hame?

Fair fa' the goodwife, and fend her good sale,
 She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale,
 Syne if her typony chance to be sma',
 We'll tak a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.
 Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
 And twa pint stoups at our bed-feet;

And ay when we waken'd we drank them dry :
What think you of my wee kimmer and I ?

*Todlen butt and todlen ben,
Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.*

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
Ye're ay sae good-humour'd when weeting your mion';
When sober sae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
That it's a blyth fight to the bairns and me,
*Todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.*

What's that to you ?

MY JEANY and I have toil'd
The live-lang summer-day,

Till we amaißt were spoil'd

At making of the hay :

Her kurchy was of holland clear,

Ty'd on her bonny brow ;

I whisper'd something in her ear,

But what's that to you ?

Her stockings were of Kerfy green,

As tight as ony silk :

O sick a leg was never seen,

Her skin was white as milk ;

Her hair was black as ane could wish,

And sweet sweet was her mou ;

Oh ! JEANY daintily can kifs,

But what's that to you ?

The rose and lily baith combine
 To make my JEANY fair,
 There is no bennison like mine,
 I have amaist nae care ;
 Only I fear my JEANY's face
 May cause mae men to rue,
 And that may gar me say, Alas !
 But what's that to you ?

Conceal thy beauties if thou can,
 Hide that sweet face of thine,
 That I may only be the man
 Enjoys these looks divine.
 O do not prostitute, my dear,
 Wonders to common view,
 And I, with faithful heart, shall swear
 For ever to be true.

King SOLOMON had wives enew,
 And mony a concubine ;
 But I enjoy a bliss mair true ;
 His joys were short of mine :
 And JEANY's happier than they,
 She feldom wants her due ;
 All debts of love to her I'll pay,
 And what's that to you ?

Were na my Heart light I wad die.

THERE was ance a MAY, and she loe'd na men,
 She biggit her bonny bow'r down in yon glen ;
 But now she cries dool ! and a well-a-day !
 Come down the green gate, and come here away.
But now she cries, &c.

When bonny young JOHNNY came o'er the sea,
He said he saw naething fae lovely as me;
He hecht me baith rings and mony bra things;
And were na my heart light I wad die.

He hecht me, &c.

He had a wee titty that loed na me,
Because I was twice as bonny as she;
She rais'd sick a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
That were na my heart light I wad die.

She rais'd, &c.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be,
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die;
She main'd and she grain'd out of dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.

She main'd, &c.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, What had he to do with the like of me!
Albeit I was bonny, I was na for JOHNNY;
And were na my heart light I wad die.

Albeit I was bonny, &c.

They said I had neither cow nor caff,
Nor dribbles of drink rins throw the draff,
Nor pickles of meal rins throw the mill-eye;
And were na my heart light I wad die.

Nor pickles of, &c.

His titty she was baith wylie and flee,
She spy'd me as I came o'er the lee;
And then she ran in and made a loud din,
Believe your ain een, an ye trow na me.

And then she, &c.

His bonnet stood ay fu' round on his brow ;
 His auld ane looks ay as well as some's new :
 But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,
 And casts himself dowie upo' the corn-bing.

But now he, &c.

And now he gaes drooping about the dykes,
 And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes' :
 The live-lang night he ne'er flecks his eye,
 And were na my heart light I wad die.

The live-lang, &c.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
 We shou'd hae been galloping down on yon green,
 And linking it on the lily-white lee ;
 And wow gin I were but young for thee.

And linking, &c.

Where will our Goodman ly?

H E.

WHERE wad bonnie ANNIE ly?
 Alane nae mair ye maun ly ;

Wad ye a goodman try ?

Is that the thing ye're lacking !

S H E.

Can a lafs fae young as I,
 Venture on the bridal-tye,
 Syne down with a goodman ly ?
 I'm flee'd he keep me wauking.

H E.

Never judge until ye try,
Mak me your goodman, I
Shanna hinder you to ly,
And sleep till ye be weary.

S H E.

What if I shou'd wauking ly,
When the hoboy's are gawn by,
Will ye tent me when I cry,
My dear, I'm faint and iry?

H E.

In my bosom thou shalt ly,
When thou wakrife art, or dry,
Healthy cordial standing by,
Shall presently revive thee.

S H E.

To your will I then comply,
Join us, priest, and let me try,
How I'll wi' :goodman ly,
Wha can a cordial gi'e me.

Widow, are ye waking?

O WHA's that at my chamber-door?
"Fair widow, are ye waking?"
Auld carl, your suit give o'er,
Your love lyes a' in tawking.

Gi'e me a lad that's young and tight,
 Sweet like an April meadow ;
 'Tis sick as he can blefs the sight,
 And bosom of a widow.

" O widow, wilt thou let me in ?
 " I'm pawky, wise, and thrifty,
 " And come of a right gentle kin ;
 " I'm little mair than fifty."

Daft carle, dit your mouth,
 What signifies how pawky,
 Or gentle-born ye be,—bot youth,
 In love ye're but a gawky.

" Then, widow, let these guineas speak,
 " That powerfully plead clinkan ;
 " And if they fail, my mouth I'll steek,
 " And nae mair love will think on."
 These court indeed, I maun confess,
 I think they mak you young, Sir,
 And ten times better can express
 Affection, than your tongue, Sir.

Wap at the Widow, my Laddie.

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
 The widow can shape and the widow can sew,
 And mony bra things the widow can do ;
 Then have at the widow, my laddie.
 With courage attack her baith early and late,
 To kiss her and clap her yon manna be blate ;
 Speak well and do better, for that's the best gate
 To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthfu', and never ae hair
The war of the wearing, and has a good skair
Of every thing lovely ; she's witty and fair,

And has a rich jointure, my laddie ?

What cou'd you wish better your pleasure to crown,
Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,
Wi' naething but draw in your stool and sit down,

And sport wi' the widow, my laddie ?

Then till 'er and kill 'er wi' courtesie dead,
Tho' stark love and kindness be a' ye can plead ;
Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed

Wi' a bonny gay widow, my laddie.

Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,
For Fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,
Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

WILLIE was a wanton Wag.

WILLIE was a wanton wag,
The blytheft lad that e'er I saw,

At bridals still he bore the brag,

And carried ay the gree awa' :

His doublet was of Zetland snag,

And wow ! but WILLIE he was braw,

And at his shoulder hang a tag,

That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,

His heart was frank without a flaw ;

And ay whatever WILLIE said,
It was still hadden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the Weaponshaw,
Upon the green nane durst him brag,
The fiend a ane among them a'.

And was not WILLIE well worth gowd?
He wan the love of great and fina';
For after he the bride had kifs'd,
He kifs'd the lassies hale-fale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When be the hand he led them a',
And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
By virtue of a standing law.

And was nae WILLIE a great lown,
As shyre a lick as e'er was seen?
When he danc'd wi' the lassies round,
The bridegroom speir'd where he had been.
Quoth WILLIE, I've been at the ring,
Wi' bobbing, faith, my shanks are fair;
Gae ca' your bride and maiden in,
For WILLIE he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, WILLIE, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring.
But, shame light on his souple snout,
He wanted WILLIE's wanton fling.
Then straight he to the bride did fare,
Says, Well's me on your bonny face;
Wi' bobbing WILLIE's shanks are fair,
And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,

And at the ring you'll ay be lag,

Unless, like WILLIE, ye advance:

O! WILLIE has a wanton leg;

For wi't he learns us a' to steer,

And foremost ay bears up the ring;

We will find nae sick dancing here,

If we want WILLIE's wanton fling.

Woo'd and married and a'.

*W*OO'D and married and a',

Woo'd and married and a',

Was she nae very weel aff.

Was woo'd and married and a'.

The Bride came out of the byre,

And O as she dighted her cheeks,

Sirs, I'm to be mafried the night,

And has neither blankets nor sheets,

Has neither blankets nor sheets,

Nor scarce a coverlet too;

The bride that has a' to borrow,

Has e'en right meikle ado.

Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's father,

As he came in frae the plough;

O had ye're tongue, my doughter,

And ye's get gear enough;

The stirk that stands i' the' tether,

And our bra' basin'd yade,

Will carry ye hame your corn,
 What wad ye be at, ye jad?
Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's mither,
 What d---l needs a' this pride;
 I had nae a plack in my pouch
 That night I was a bride;
 My gown was linsy-woolsey,
 And ne'er a fark ava;
 And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
 Mae than ane or twa.
Woo'd, and married, &c.

What's the matter, quo. WILLIE,
 Tho' we be scant o' claiths,
 We'll creep the nearer the gither,
 And we'll finore a' the fleas:
 Simmer is coming on,
 And we'll get teats of woo;
 And we'll get a lass o' our ain,
 And she'll spin claiths enew.
Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's brither,
 As he came in wi' the kie;
 Poor WILLIE had ne'er a ta'en ye;
 Had he kent ye as weel as I;
 For you're baith proud and saucy,
 And no for a poor man's wife;
 Gin I canna get a better,
 Ise never tak ane i' my life.
Wood, and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's sister,
 As she came in frae the byre;

O gin I were but married,
It's a' that I desire;
But we poor folk maun live single,
And do the best we can;
I dinna care what I shou'd want,
If I cou'd get but a man.
Woo'd, and married, &c.

Wat ye wha I met Yestreen?

NOW wat ye wha I met yestreen,
Coming down the street, my jo?
My mistress in her tartan screen,
Fow bonny, braw, and sweet, my jo.
My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
That never with'd a lover ill,
Since ye're out of your mither's sight,
Let's take a wauk up to the hill.

O KATY, wiltu' gang wi' me,
And leave the dinfome town a while?
The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
And a' the simmer's gaw'n to smile:
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
The bleating lambs, and whistling hind,
In ilka dale, green, shaw, and park,
Will nourish health, and glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day
Bends up his morning-draught of dew,
We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
And gather flowers to bask ye'r brow:

We'll pou the daisies on the green,
 The lucken gowans frae the bog ;
 Between hands now and then we'll lean,
 And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
 A canny, soft, and flow'ry den,
 Where circling birks have form'd a bow'r :
 Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to the cauler shade remove ;
 There will I lock thee in mine arm,
 And love and kiss, and kiss and love.

KATY's Answer.

MY mither's ay glowran o'er me,
 Though she did the same before me ;
 I canna get leave to look to my loove,
 Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take ye'r offer,
 Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher ;
 Then, SANDY, ye'll fret, and wyte ye'r poor KATE,
 Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For tho' my father has plenty
 Of filler and plenishing dainty,
 Yet he's unco swear to twin wi' his gear ;
 And sae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
 Be wylie in ilka motion ;
 Brag weel o' ye'r land, and there's my leal hand,
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

SCOTS SONGS. 119

We'll a' to Kelfo go.

AN I'll awa' to bonny Tweed-side,
And see my deary come throw,
And he fall be mine, gif sae he incline,
For I hate to lead apes below.

While young and-fair, I'll make it my care,
To secure mysell in a jo ;
I'm no sick a fool to let my blood cool,
And syne gae lead apes below.

Few words, bonny lad, will eithly persuade,
Though blushing, I daftly say, no ;
Gae on with your strain, and doubt not to gain,
For I hate to lead apes below.

Unty'd to a man, do whate'er we can,
We never can thrive or dow ;
Then I will do well, do better wha will,
And let them lead apes below.

Our time is precious, and gods are gracious,
That beauties upon us bestow :
'Tis not to be thought we get them for nought,
Or to be set up for a show.

'Tis carried by votes, come, kilt up ye'r coats,
And let us to Edinburgh go,
Where she that's bonny may catch a JOHNNY,
And never lead apes below.

Wayward Wife.

ALAS ! my son, you little know,
The sorrows that from wedlock flow.

Farewell to every day of ease,

When you've gotten a wife to please :

Sae bide you yet, and bide you yet,

Ye little ken what's to betide you yet,

The half of that will gane you yet,

If a wayward wife obtain you yet.

The black cow on your foot ne'er trod,

Which gars you sing along the road,

Sae bide you yet, &c.

Sometimes the rock, sometimes the reel,

Or some piece of the spinning wheel,

She will drive at ye wi' good will,

And then she'll send ye to the deil.

Sae bide ye yet, &c.

When I like you was young and free,

I valu'd not the proudest she ;

Like you I vainly boasted then,

That men alone were born to reign ;

But bide you yet, &c.

Great HERCULES and SAMSON too,

Were stronger men than I or you ;

Yet they were baffled by their dears,

And felt the distaff and the sheers ;

Sae bide you yet, &c.

Stout gates of brass, and well-built walls,
 Are proof 'gainst swords and cannon-balls,
 But nought is found by sea or land,
 That can a wayward wife withstand :
Sae bide you yet, &c.

We're gayly yet.

WE'RE gayly yet, and we're gayly yet,
And we're no very fou, but we're gayly yet ;
Then sit ye a while, and tippie a bit,
For we're no very fou, but we're gayly yet.
 There was a lad and they ca'd him DICKY,
 He gae me a kifs, and I bit his lippy ;
 Then under my apron he shew'd me a trick ;
 And we're no very fou', but we're gayly yet.
And we're gayly yet, &c.

There were three lads, and they were clad,
 There were three lasses, and they them had,
 Three trees in the orchard are newly sprung,
 And we's a' get gear enough, we're but young,
Then up wi't AILLIE, AILLIE,
Up wi't, AILLIE, now,
Then up wi't, AILLIE, quo' cummer,
We's a' get roaring fou.

And one was kifs'd in the barn,
 Another was kifs'd on the green,
 The third behind the pease stack,
 Till the mow flew up to her een.
Then up wi't, &c.

Now, fy, JOHN THOMSON, rin,
 Gin ever ye ran in your life;
 De'il get you, but hey, my dear JACK,
 There's a man got a-bed with your wife.
Then up wi't, &c.

Then away JOHN THOMSON ran,
 And I trow he ran with speed;
 But before he had run his length,
 The false loon had done the deed.
We're gayly yet, &c.

Up and war them a', WILLIE.

WHEN we went to the field of war,
 And to the Weaponshaw, WILLIE,
 With true design to stand our ground,
 And chace our faes awa', WILLIE;
 Lairds and Lords came there bedeen,
 And vow gin they were pra', WILLIE,
Up and war 'em a', WILLIE,
War 'em, war 'em a', WILLIE.

And when our army was drawn up,
 The brawest e'er I saw, WILLIE,
 We did not doubt to rax the rout,
 And win the day and a', WILLIE.
 Pipers play'd frae right to left,
 Fy, fourugh Whigs awa', WILLIE.
Up and war, &c.

But when our standard was set up,
 So fierce the wind did bla', WILLIE,

The golden knop down from the top,
Unto the ground did fa', WILLIE.
Then second-sighted SANDY said,
We'll do nae good at a', WILLIE.
Up and war, &c.

When bra'ly they attack'd our left,
Our front, and flank, and a', WILLIE;
Our bald commander on the green,
Our faes their left did ca', WILLIE,
And there the greatest slaughter made
That e'er poor TONALD saw, WILLIE.
Up and war, &c.

First when they saw our Highland mob,
They swore they'd slay us a', WILLIE;
And yet ane fyl'd his breiks for fear,
And so did rin awa', WILLIE.
We drave him back to Bonnybrigs,
Dragoons, and foot, and a', WILLIE.
Up and war, &c.

But when their gen'ral view'd our lines,
And them in order saw, WILLIE,
He straight did march into the town,
And back his left did draw, WILLIE.
Thus we taught him the better gate
To get a better fa', WILLIE.
Up and war, &c.

And then we rally'd on the hills,
And bravely up did draw, WILLIE;
But gin ye spear wha wan the day,
I'll tell you what I saw, WILLIE.

Bek
 We baith did fight, and baith were beat,
 And baith did rin awa', WILLIE.
 So there's my canty Highland fang
 About the thing I saw, WILLIE.

Up in the Air.

NOW the sun's gane out of sight,
 Beet the ingle, and snuff the light.
 In glens the fairies skip and dance,
 And witches wallop o'er to France.
 Up in the air, on my bonny grey mare,
 And I see her yet, and I see her yet,
Up in, &c.

The wind's drifting hail and sna',
 O'er frozen hags, like a foot-ba';
 Nae starns keek thro' the azure slit,
 'Tis cauld and mirk as ony pit.

The man i' the moon is carousing aboon,
 D' ye see, d' ye see, d' ye see him yet?
The man, &c.

Tak your glafs to clear your een,
 'Tis the elixir heals the spleen,
 Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,
 And gently puff the lover's fire:

Up in the air, it drives awa' care;
 Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, lads, yet.
Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, had out the frost;
 Come, WILLIE, gie's aboon ye'r toast;

Till't lads, and lilt it out,
And let us hae a blythsome bout.

Up wi't there, there, dinna cheat, but drink fair;
Huzza, huzza, and huzza, lads, yet.
Up wi't, &c.

The yellow-hair'd Laddie.

THE yellow-hair'd laddie fat down on yon brae,
Cries, Milk the ewes, lassie, let nane of them gae;
And ay she milked, and ay she sang,
The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.
And ay she milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin,
The ewes are new clipped, they winna bught in;
They winna bught in tho' I shou'd die,
O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind to me,
They winna bught in, &c.

The goodwife cries butt the house, JENNY, come ben,
The cheese is to mak, and the butter's to kirk;
Tho' butter, and cheese, and a' shou'd sowre,
I'll crack and kiss wi' my love ae haff hour;
It's ae haff hour, and we's e'en mak it three,
For the yellow-hair'd laddie my husband shall be.

The Wife of Auchtermuchty.

IN Auchtermuchty dwelt a man,
An husband, as I heard it tawld,
Quha weil could tipple out a can,
And nowther luvit hungir nor cauld:

Till anes it fell upon a day,
 He zokit his plewch upon the plain;
 And schort the storm wald let him stay,
 Sair blew the day with wind and rain.

He loofd the plewch at the lands end,
 And draife his owfen hame at ene;
 Quhen he came in he blinkit ben,
 And saw his Wyfe baith dry and clene,
 Set beikand by a fyre fu' bauld,
 Suppand fat fowp, as I heard say:
 The man being weary, wet, and cauld,
 Betwain thir twa it was nae play.

Quod he, Quhair is my hofes corn,
 My owfen has nae hay nor strae,
 Dame, ze maun to the plewch the morn,
 I fall be huffy gif I may.
 This seid-time 't proves cauld and bad,
 And ze sit warm, nae troubles fe;
 The morn ze fall gae wi' the lad,
 And syne zeil ken what drinkers drie.

Gndeman, quod scho, content am I,
 To tak the plewch my day about,
 Sae ye rule weil the kaves and ky,
 And all the house baith in and out:
 And now sen ze haif made the law,
 Then gyde all richt and do not break;
 They ficker raid that neir did saw,
 Therefore let naething be neglect.

But sen ye will huffy/skep ken,
 First ze maun sift and syne fall kned;
 And ay as ze gang butt and ben,
 Make that the bairns dryt not the bed:

And lay a fast wyse to the kiln,
We haif a dear farm on our heid;
And ay as ze gang forth and in,
Keip weil the gaislings frae the gled:

The wyfe was up richt late at ene,
I pray luck gife her ill to fair,
Scho kirk'd the kirk, and skunt it clene,
Left the gudeman but bledoch bair:
Then in the morning up scho gat;
And on her heart, laid her disjune,
And pat as mickle in her lap,
As nicht haif ferd them baith at nune.

Says, JOCK, be thou maister of wark,
And thou sail had, and I sail ka,
He promise thee a gude new sark,
Either of round claith or of fina.
She lowst the ousen aught or nyne,
And hynt a gad-staff in her hand;
Up the Gudeman raise afir syne,
And saw the Wyfe had done command.

He draif the gaislings forth to feid,
Thair was but sevensum of them aw,
And by thair comes the greidy gled,
And lickt up five, left him but twa:
Then out he rane in all his mane,
How sune he hard the gaisling cry;
But than or he came in again,
The kaves brake louse and suckt the ky.

The caves and ky met in the loan,
The man ran wi' a rung to red,
Than by came an illwilly roan,
And brodit his buttocks till they bled:

Syne up he tuke a rok of tow,
 And he sat down to sey the spinning;
 He loutit down our neir the low,
 Quod he, This wark has ill beginning.

The leam up throu the lum did flow,
 The fute tuke fire, it flyed him than,
 Sum lumps did fa' and burn his pow;
 I wat he was a dirty man;
 Zit he gat water in a pan,
 Quherwith he slokend out the fyre:
 To soup the hause he syne began,
 To had all richt was his desyre.

Hynd to the kirn then did he stoure,
 And jumblit at it till he swat,
 Quhen he had ramblit a full lang hour,
 The forrow crap of butter he gat;
 Albeit nae butter he could get,
 Zet he was cummert wi' the kirn,
 And syne he het the milk fae het,
 That ill a spark of it wad zyrne.

Then ben thair came a greedy sow,
 I trow he cund her little thank:
 For in scho shot her mickle mow,
 And ay scho winkit, and ay scho drank.
 He tuke the kirnstaff be the schank,
 And thocht to reik the sow a root,
 The twa left gaislings gat a clank,
 That straik dang baith their harns out.

Then he bure kendling to the kill,
 But scho start up all in a low,
 Quhat eir he heard, what eir he saw
 That day he had nae will to * *

Then he zied to tak up the bairns,
Thocht to have fund them fair and clene,
The first that he gat in his arms,
Was a bedirtin to the ene.

The first it smellt fae sappylie,
To touch the lave he did not grien :
The deil cut aff thair hands, quoth he,
That cramd zour kytes fae strute zestrein.
He traild the foul sheits down the gate,
Thocht to have washt them on a stane,
The burn was risen grit of spait,
Away frae him the sheits has tane.

Then up he gat on a know-heid,
On hir to cry, on hir to schout ;
Scho hard him, and scho hard him not,
But stoutly steird the stots about.
Scho draif the day unto the nicht,
Scho lowst the plewch, and fyne came hame ;
Scho fand all wrang that sould bene richt,
I trow the man thocht mekle schame.

Quoth he, My office I forsake,
For all the hale days of my lyfe ;
For I wald put a house to wraik,
Had I been twenty days gudewyfe.
Quoth scho, Weil mot ze bruik your place,
For truly I fall neir accept it ;
Quoth he, Feynd fa the lyar's face,
But zit ze may be blyth to get it.

Then up scho gat a meikle rung ;
And the gudeman made to the dore,
Quoth he, Dame, I fall hald my tung,
For an we fecht I'll get the war.

Quoth he, When I forsuke my plewch,
 I trow I but forsuke my skill:
 Then I will to my plewch again;
 For I and this house will nevir do weil.

Bannocks of Barley-meal.

MY name is ARGYLL : you may think it strange,
 To live at the court, and never to change;
 All falsehood and flatt'ry I do disdain;
 In my secret thoughts no deceit shall remain:
 In siege or in battle I ne'er was disgrac'd;
 I always my king and my country have fac'd;
 I'll do any thing for my country's well,
 I'd live upo' bannocks o' barley-meal.

Adieu to the courtiers of London town,
 For to my ain country I will gang down;
 At the sight of Kirkaldy ance again,
 I'll cock up my bonnet, and march amain.
 O the muckle de'il tak a' your noise and strife,
 I'm fully resolv'd for a country life,
 Where a' the bra' lasses, wha kens me well,
 Will feed me wi' bannocks o' barley-meal.

I'll quickly lay down my sword and my gun,
 And I'll put my plaid and my bonnet on,
 Wi' my plaiding stockings and leather-heel'd shoon;
 They'll mak me appear a fine sprightly loon.
 And when I am drest thus frae tap to tae,
 Hame to my MAGGIE I think for to gae,
 Wi' my claymore hinging down to my heel,
 To whang at the bannocks o' barley-meal.

I'll buy a fine present to bring to my dear,
A pair of fine garters for MAGGIE to wear,
And some pretty things else, I do declare,
When she gangs wi' me to Paisley fair.
And whan we are married we'll keep a cow,
My MAGGIE shall milk her, and I will plow :
We'll live a' the winter on beef and lang-kail,
And whang at the bannocks of barley-meal.

If my MAGGIE shou'd chance to bring me a son,
He's fight for his king, as his daddy has done ;
I'll send him to Flanders some breeding to learn,
Syne hame into Scotland and keep a farm.
And thus we'll live and industrious be,
And wha'll be sae great as my MAGGIE and me ;
We'll soon grow as fat as a Norway seal,
Wi' feeding on bannocks o' barley-meal.

Adieu to you citizens every ane,
Wha jolt in your coaches to Drury-lane ;
You bites of Bear-garden who fight for gains,
And you fops who have got more wigs than brains ;
You cullies and bullies, I'll bid you adieu,
For whoring and swearing I'll leave it to you ;
Your woodcock and pheasant, your duck and your teal,
I'll leave them for bannocks o' barley-meal.

I'll leave aff kissing a citizen's wife,
I'm fully resolv'd for a country life ;
Kissing and toying, I'll spend the lang day,
Wi' bonny young lasses on cocks of hay ;
Where each clever lad gives his bonny lass
A kiss and a tumble upo' the green grass.
I'll awa' to the Highlands as fast's I can reel,
And whang at the bannocks o' barley-meal.

No Dominies for me, laddie.

I CHANC'D to meet an airy blade,
 A new-made pulpiteer, laddie,
 With cock'd-up hat and powder'd wig,
 Black coat and cuffs fu' clear, laddie ;
 A long cravat at him did wag,
 And buckles at his knee, laddie ;
 Says he, My heart, by CUPID's dart,
 Is captivate to thee, lassie.

 I'll rather chuse to thole grim death ;
 So cease and let me be, laddie :
 For what? says he ; Good roth, said I,
 No dominies for me, laddie.
 Ministers' stipends are uncertain rents
 For ladies' conjunct-fee, laddie ;
 When books and gowns are all cried down,
 No dominies for me, laddie.

 But for your sake I'll fleece the flock,
 Grow rich as I grow auld, lassie ;
 If I be spar'd I'll be a laird,
 And thou's be Madam call'd, lassie.
 But what if ye shou'd chance to die,
 Leave bairns, ane or twa, laddie ?
 Naething wad be reserv'd for them .
 But hair-moul'd books to gnaw, laddie.

 At this he angry was, I wat,
 He gloom'd and look'd fu' high, laddie :
 When I perceived this, in haste
 I left my dominie, laddie.

Fare ye well, my charming maid,
This lesson learn of me, lassie,
At the next offer hold him fast,
That first makes love to thee, lassie.

Then I returning hame again,
And coming down the town, laddie,
By my good luck I chanc'd to meet
A gentleman dragoon, laddie ;
And he took me by baith the hands,
'Twas help in time of need, laddie.
Fools on ceremonies stand,
At twa words we agreed, laddie.

He led me to his quarter-house,
Where we exchang'd a word, laddie :
We had nae use for black-gowns there,
We married o'er the sword, laddie.
Martial drums is music fine,
Compar'd wi' tinkling bells, laddie ;
Gold, red and blue, is more divine
Than black, the hue of hell, laddie.

Kings, queens, and princes, crave the aid
Of my brave stout dragoon, laddie ;
While dominies are much employ'd
'Bout whores and sackloth gowns, laddie.
Away wi' a' these whining loons ;
They look like, Let me be, laddie :
I've more delight in roaring guns ;
No dominies for me, laddie.

JAMIE gay.

AS JAMIE gay gang'd blyth his way
Along the river Tweed,
A bonny lass as e'er was seen,
Came tripping o'er the mead.
The hearty swain, untaught to feign,
The buxom nymph survey'd,
And full of glee as lad could be,
Bespoke the pretty maid.

Dear Lassie tell, why by thinefell
Thou hast'ly wand'rest here.
My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide,
Canst tell me, laddie, where?
To town I'll hie, he made reply,
Some meikle sport to see,
But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
I'll seek the ewes with thee.

She gi'm her hand, nor made a stand,
But lik'd the youth's intent;
O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale
Right merrily they went.
The birds sang sweet, the pair to greet,
And flowers bloom'd around?
And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
The zenith of his power,
When to a shade their steps they made,
To pass the mid-day hour.

The bonny lad rowd in his plaid
The lass, who scorn'd to frown;
She soon forgot the ewes she sought,
And he to gang to town.

I've been Courting.

I'VE been courting at a lass
These twenty days and mair;
Her father winna gi'e me her,
She has sick a gleib of gear.
But gin I had her where I wou'd
Amang the hether here,
I'd strive to win her kindness,
For a' her father's care.

For she's a bonny sonsy lass,
An armsfu', I swear;
I wou'd marry her without a coat,
Or e'er a plack o' gear.
For, trust me, when I saw her first,
She gae me sick a wound,
That a' the doctors i' the earth
Can never mak me found.

For when she's absent frae my sight,
I think upon her still;
And when I sleep, or when I wake,
She does my senses fill.

May Heavens' guard the bonny lass
 That sweetens a' my life;
 And shame fa' me gin e'er I seek
 Anither for my wife.

My Heart's my ain.

'TIS nae very lang finfyne,
 That I had a lad of my ain;
 But now he's awa' to anither,
 And left me a' my lain.
 The lass he's courting has filler,
 And I hae nane at a';
 And 'tis nought but the love of the tocher
 That's tane my lad awa'.

But I'm blyth, that my heart's my ain,
 And I'll keep it a' my life,
 Until that I meet wi' a lad
 Who has sence to wale a good wife.
 For though I say't myfell,
 That shou'd nae say't, 'tis true,
 The lad that gets me for a wife,
 He'll ne'er hae occasion to rue.

I gang ay fou clean and fou tosh,
 As a' the neighbours can tell;
 Though I've seldom a gown on my back,
 But sick as I spin myfell.
 And when I am clad in my curtsy,
 I think myfell as braw.
 As SUSIE, wi' a' her pearling
 That's tane my lad awa'.

But I wish they were buckled together,
And may they live happy for life ;
Tho' WILLIE does slight me, and's left me,
The chield he deserves a good wife.
But, O ! I'm blyth that I've mis'd him,
As blyth as I weel can be ;
For ane that's fae keen o' the filler
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

But as the truth is, I'm hearty,
I hate to be scrimpit or scant ;
The wie thing I hae, I'll make use o't,
And nae ane about me shall want.
For I'm a good guide o' the warld,
I ken when to ha'd and to gie ;
For whinging and cringing for filler
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
An' he wha has that has enough ;
The master is seldom fae happy
As ROBIN that drives the plough.
But if a young lad wou'd cast up,
To make me his partner for life ;
If the chield has the sense to be happy,
He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.

My Wife's ta'en the Gee.

A FRIEND of mine came here yestreen,
And he wou'd hae me down
To drink a bottle of ale wi' him
In the nieft borrows town.

But, O! indeed, it was, Sir,
Sae far the war for me;
For lang or e'er that I came hame;
My wife had ta'en the gee.

We fat sae late, and drank sae stout,
The truth I tell to you,
That lang or e'er midnight tame,
We were a' roaring fou.
My wife sits at the fire-side;
And the tear blinds ay her ee,
The ne'er a bed will she gae to;
But sit and tak the gee.

In the morning soon, when I came down,
The ne'er a word she spake;
But mony a sad and sour look,
And ay her head she'd shake.
My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee,
To look sae sour on me?
I'll never do the like again,
If you'll never tak the gee.

When that she heard; she ran, she flang
Her arms about my neck;
And twenty kisses in a crack,
And, poor wee thing, she grat.
If you'll ne'er do the like again,
But bide at hame wi' me,
I'll lay my life I'll be the wife
That's never tak the gee.

Wallifou fa' the Cat.

THERE was a bonnie wi' laddie,
Was keeping a bonny whine sheep;

There was a bonnie wee lassie,

Was wading the water sae deep,

Was wading the water sae deep,

And a little above her knee;

The laddie cries unto the lassie,

Come down Tweedside to me.

And when I gade down Tweed-side,

I heard, I dinna ken what,

I heard ae wife say t' anither,

Wallifou fa' the cat;

Wallifou fa' the cat,

She's bred the house an wan ease,

She's open'd the am'ry door,

And eaten up a' the cheese.

She's eaten up a' the cheese,

O' the kebbuk she's no left a bit;

She's dung down the bit skate on the brace,

And 'tis fa'en in the sowen kit;

'Tis out o' the sowen kit,

And 'tis into the maister-can;

It will be sae fiery sa't,

'Twill poison our goodman,

Here awa', there awa'.

HERE awa', there awa', here awa' WILLIE,
 Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame;
 Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee,
 Now I have gotten my WILLIE again.

Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd my WILLIE,
 Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd him hame,
 Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us;
 Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa', there awa', here awa', WILLIE,
 Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame,
 Come Love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,
 Ilka thing pleases while WILLIE's at hame.

Drap of Capie---O.

THERE liv'd a wife in our gate-end,
 She lo'ed a drap of capie--O,
 And all the gear that e'er she gat,
 She slipt it in her gabie---O.

Upon a frosty winter's night,
 The wife had got a drapie--O,
 And she had pish'd her coats sae weil,
 She could not find the patie---O.

But she's awa' to her goodman,
 They ca'd him TAMIE LAMIE--O,
 Gae ben and fetch the cave to me,
 That I may get a dramie---O.

TAMIE was an honest man,
Himself he took a drapie---O,
It was nae weil out o'er his craig,
Till she was on his tapie---O.

She paid him weil, baith back and side,
And fair she creish'd his backie---O,
And made his skin baith blue and black,
And gar'd his shoulters crackie---O.

Then he's awa' to the malt barn,
And he has ta'en a pockie---O,
He put her in, baith head and tail,
And cast her o'er his backie---O.

The carling spurn'd wi' head and feet,
The carle he was fae ackie---O,
To ilka wall that he came by,
He gar'd her head play knackie---O.

Goodman, I think you'll murder me,
My brains you out will knockie---O,
He gi'd her ay the other hitch,
Lie still, you devil's buckie---O.

Goodman, I'm like to make my burn;
O let me out, good TAMIE---O;
Then he set her upon a stane,
And bade her pish a damie---O.

Then TAMIE took her aff the stane,
And put her in the pockie---O,
And when she did begin to spurn,
He lent her ay a knockie---O.

Away he went to the mill-dam,
And there ga'e her a duckie---O,

And ilka chiel that had a stick,
Play'd thump upon her backie---O.

And when he took her hame again,
He did hing up the pockie---O,
At her bed-side, as I hear say,
Upon a little knagie---O.

And ilka day that she up-rose,
In naithing but her smockie---O,
Sae soon as she look'd o'er the bed,
She might behold the pockie---O.

Now all ye men, baith far and near,
That have a drunken tutie---O,
Duck you your wives in time of year,
And I'll lend you the pockie---O,

The wife did live for nineteen years,
And was fu' frank and cuthie---O,
And ever since she got the duck,
She never had the drouthie---O.

At last the carling chanc'd to die,
And TAMIE did her bury---O,
And for the publick benefit,
He has gar'd print the curie---O.

And this he did her motto make ;
Here lies an honest luckie---O,
Who never left the drinking trade,
Until she got a duckie---O.

WILLIE WINKIE'S Testament.

MY daddy left me gear enough,
A couter, and an auld beam-plough,
A nebbed staff, a nutting-tyne,
A fishing wand with hook and line;
With twa auld stools, and a dirt-house,
A jerkenet scarce worth a louse,
An auld patt, that wants the lug,
A spurtle and a fowen mug.

A hempken heckle, and a mell,
A tar-horn, and a weather's bell,
A muck-fork, and an auld peet-creel,
The spakes of our auld spinning-wheel.
A pair of branks, yea, and a saddle,
With our auld brunt and broken laddle,
A whang-bit, and a snuffle-bit;
Chear up, my bairns, and dance a fit.

A flailing-staff and a timmer spit,
An auld kirn and a hole in it,
Yarn-winnles, and a reel,
A fetter-lock, a trump of steel,
A whistle, and a tup-horn spoon,
With an auld pair of clouted shoon,
A timmer spade, and a gleg shear,
A bonnet for my bairns to wear.

A timmer tong, a broken cradle,
The pillion of an auld car-saddle,
A gullie-knife, and a horse-wand,
A mitten for the left hand,

With an auld broken pan of brass,
 With an auld fark that wants the arse,
 An auld-band, and a hoodling how,
 I hope, my bairns, ye're a weil now.

Aft have I borne ye on my back,
 With a' this riff-raff in my pack;
 And it was a' for want of gear,
 That gart me steal Mefs JOHN'S grey mare:
 But now, my bairns, what ails ye now?
 For ye ha'e naigs enough to plow;
 And hose and shoon fit for your feet,
 Chear up, my bairns, and dinna greet.

Then with mysel I did advise,
 My daddy's gear for to comprize;
 Some neighbours I ca'd in to see
 What gear my daddy left to me.
 They sat three quarters of a year,
 Comprizing of my daddy's gear;
 And when they had gi'en a' their votes,
 'Twas scarcely a' worth four pounds Scots.

The Ploughman.

THE ploughman he's a bonny lad,
 And a' his wark's at leisure,
 And when that he comes hame at ev'n,
 He kisses me wi' pleasure.

*Up wi't now, my ploughman lad,
 Up wi't now, my ploughman;
 Of a' the lads that I do see,
 Commend me to the ploughman.*

Now the blooming spring comes on,
 He takes his yoking early,
 And whistling o'er the furrow'd land,
 He goes to fallow clearly;
Up wi't now, &c.

When my ploughman comes hame at ev'n,
 He's often wet and weary;
 Cast aff the wet, put on the dry,
 And gae to bed, my deary.
Up wi't now, &c.

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
 And I will wash his o'erlay,
 And I will make my ploughman's bed,
 And chear him late and early.
*Merry butt, and merry ben,
 Merry is my ploughman;
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,
 Commend me to the ploughman.*

Plough you hill, and plough you dale,
 Plough you faugh and fallow,
 Who winna drink the ploughman's health,
 Is but a dirty fellow.
Merry butt, and, &c.

The Tailor.

THE tailor came to clout the claise,
 Sick a braw fellow,
 He fill'd the house a' fou of fleas,
 Daffin down, and daffin down,

He fill'd the house a' fou of fleas,
Daffin down and dilly.

The lassie slept ayont the fire,
Sic a braw hisley !

Oh ! she was a' his heart's desire ;
Daffin down, and daffin down ;

Oh ! she was a' his heart's desire :
Daffin down and dilly.

The lassie she fell fast asleep ;
Sic a braw hisley !

The tailor close to her did creep ;
Daffin down, and daffin down ;

The tailor close to her did creep ;
Daffin down and dilly.

The lassie waken'd in a fright ;
Sic a braw hisley !

Her maidenhead had taen the flight ;
Daffin down, and daffin down ;

Her maidenhead had taen the flight ;
Daffin down and dilly.

She fought it butt, she fought it ben ;
Sic a braw hisley !

And in beneath the clocken-hen ;
Daffin down, and daffin down ;

And in beneath the clocken-hen ;
Daffin down and dilly.

She fought it in the owfen-staw ;
Sic a braw hisley !

No, faith, quo' she, it's quite awa' ;
Daffin down, and daffin down,

Na, faith, quo' she, it's quite awa' ;
Daffin down and dilly.

She fought it 'yont the knocking stane ;
Sic a braw hiffey !
Some day, quo' she, 'twill gang its lane ;
Daffin down, and daffin down ;
Some day, quo' she, 'twill gang its lane ;
Daffin down and dilly.

She ca'd the taylor to the court ;
Sic a braw hiffey !
And a' the young men round about ;
Daffin down, and daffin down :
And a' the young men round about ;
Daffin down and dilly.

She gard the tailor pay a fine ;
Sic a braw hiffey !
Gie me my maidenhead agen ;
Daffin down, and daffin down ;
Gie me my maidenhead agen ;
Daffin down and dilly.

O what way wad ye hae't agen ?
Sic a braw hiffey !
Oh ! just the way that it was taen ;
Daffin down, and daffin down ;
Oh ! just the way that it was taen ;
Daffin down and dilly.

The maid gaed to the Mill.

THE maid's gane to the mill by night,
Hech hey, fae wanton ;

The maid's gane to the mill by night,
Hey fae wanton she ;

She's sworn by moon and stars fae bright,
That she should hae her corn ground,
That she should hae her corn ground,
Mill and multure free.

Out then came the miller's man,
Hech hey, fae wanton ;

Out then came the miller's man,
Hey fae wanton he ;

He sware he'd do the best he can,
For to get her corn ground,
For to get her corn ground,
Mill and multure free.

He put his hand about her neck,
Hech hey, fae wanton ;

He put his hand about her neck,
Hey fae wanton he ;

He dang her down upon a sack,
And there she got her corn ground,
And there she got her corn ground,
Mill and multure free.

When other maids gaed out to play,
Hech hey, fae wanton ;

When other maids gaed out to play,
Hey fae wantonlie ;

She sigh'd and sobb'd, and wadnae stay,
Because she'd got her corn ground,
Because she'd got her corn ground,
 Mill and multure free.

When forty weeks were past and gane,
 Hech hey, fae wanton :
When forty weeks were past and gane,
 Hey fae wantonlie ;

This maiden had a braw lad-bairn,
Because she'd got her corn ground,
Because she'd got her corn ground,
 Mill and multure free.

Her mither bade her cast it out,
 Hech hey, fae wanton ;
Her mither bade her cast it out,
 Hey fae wantonlie ;

It was the miller's dusty cloat,
For getting of her corn ground,
For getting of her corn ground,
 Mill and multure free.

Her father bade her keep it in,
 Hech hey, fae wanton ;
Her father bade her keep it in,
 Hey fae wantonlie,

It was the chief of a' her kin,
Because she'd got her corn ground,
Because she'd got her corn ground,
 Mill and multure free.

The brisk young Lad.

THERE came a young man to my daddie's door,
 My daddie's door, my daddie's door,
 There came a young man to my daddie's door,
 Came seeking me to woo.
*And wow but he was a braw young lad,
 A brisk young lad, and a braw young lad,
 And wow but he was a braw young lad,
 Came seeking me to woo.*

But I was baking when he came,
 When he came, when he came ;
 I took him in and gae him a scone,
 To thow his frozen mou'.
And wow but, &c.

I fet him in aside the blink,
 I gae him bread, and ale to drink,
 And ne'er a blyth styme wad he blink,
 Until his wame was fou.
And wow but, &c.

Gae, get ye gone, ye cauldrie wooer,
 Ye four-looking, cauldrie wooer,
 I straightway shou'd him to the door,
 Saying, Come nae mair to woo.
And wow but, &c.

There lay a duck-dub before the door,
 Before the door, before the door,
 There lay a duck-dub before the door,
 And there fell he I trow.
And wow but, &c.

Out came the goodman, and high he shouted,
Out came the goodwife, and low she louted,
And a' the town-neighbours were gather'd about it,
And there lay he I trow.

And wow but, &c.

Then out came I, and sneer'd and smil'd,
Ye came to woo, but ye're a' beguil'd,
Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a befyl'd.
We'll hae nae mair of you.

And wow but, &c.

The Surprise.

I HAD a horse, and I had nae mair,
I gat him frae my daddy ;
My purse was light, and my heart was fair,
But my wit it was fu' ready.
And fae I thought upon a wile,
Outwittens of my daddy,
To fee myself to a lowland laird,
Who had a bonny lady.

I wrote a letter, and thus began,
Madam, be not offended,
I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you,
And care not tho' ye kend it.
For I get little frae the laird,
And far less frae my daddy,
And I would blythly be the man
Would strive to please my lady.

She read my letter, and she leuch;
 Ye needna been fae blate, man;
 You might hae come to me yourfell,
 And tald me o' your state, man:
 You might hae come to me yourfell,
 Outwittens of your daddy,
 And made JOHN GOUCKSTON of the laird,
 And kifs'd his bonny lady.

Then she pat filler in my purse,
 We drank wine in a cogie;
 She fee'd a man to rub my horse,
 And wow but I was vogie:
 But I gat ne'er fae fair a fleg
 Since I came frae my daddy,
 The laird came rap rap to the yate,
 Whan I was wi' his lady.

Then she pat me below a chair,
 And hap'd me wi' a plaidie;
 But I was like to swarf wi' fear,
 And wish'd me wi' my daddy.
 The laird went out, he saw na me,
 I went whan I was ready:
 I promis'd, but I ne'er gade back
 To see his bonny lady.

The Mariner's Wife.

BUT are you sure the news is true?
 And are you sure he's weel?
 Is this a time to think o' wark?
 Ye jades, fling by your wheel.

*There's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',
There's nae luck about the house
When our goodman's awa'.*

Is this a time to think of wark,
When COLIN's at the door?
Rax me my cloak, I'll down the key,
And see him come ashore.
There's nae luck, &c.

Rise up, and mak a clean fire-side,
Put on the muckle pat;
Gie little KATE her cotton gown,
And JOCK his Sunday's coat.
There's nae luck, &c.

Mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their stockings white as snaw;
It's a' to pleasure our goodman,
He likes to see them braw.
There's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens into the crib,
Have fed this month and mair,
Make haste and thrav their necks about,
That COLIN weil may fare.
There's nae luck, &c.

Bring down to me my bigonet,
My bishop-fattin gown,
And then gae tell the Bailie's wife,
That COLIN's come to town.
There's nae luck, &c.

My Turkey slippers I'll put on;
 My stockings pearl blue,
 And a' to pleasure our goodman,
 For he's baith leel and true.

There's nae luck, &c.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
 His breath's like cauler air,
 His very tread has music in't
 As he comes up the stair.

There's nae luck, &c.

And will I see his face again,
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy with the joy,
 In troth I'm like to greet!

There's nae luck, &c.

The Gawkie.

BLYTH young BESS to JEAN did say,
 Will ye gang to yon funny brae,
 Where flocks do feed, and herds do stray,
 And sport a while wi' JAMIE?
 Ah na, lass, I'll no gang there,
 Nor about JAMIE tak nae care,
 Nor about JAMIE tak nae care;
 For he's ta'en up wi' MAGGIE.

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
 Did I not see your JAMIE pass,

Wi' muckle gladness in his face,
Out o'er the muir to MAGGIE.
I wat he gae her mony a kifs,
And MAGGIE took them ne'er amiss;
'Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this,
That BESS was but a gawkie.

For whenever a civil kifs I seek,
She turns her head, and thraws her cheek,
And for an hour she'll scarcely speak;
Who'd not ca' her a gawkie?
But sure my MAGGIE has mair sense,
She'll gie a score without offence:
Now gi'e me ane unto the mense,
And ye shall be my dawtie.

O JAMIE, ye hae mony tane,
But I will never stand for ane
Or twa, when we do meet again,
Sae ne'er think me a gawkie.
Ah na, lads, that can ne'er be,
Sick thoughts as theie are far frae me,
Or ony thy sweet face that see,
E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But, whist't, nae mair of this we'll speak,
For yonder JAMIE does us meet;
Instead of MAG he kifs'd sae sweet,
I trow he likes the gawkie.
O dear BESS, I hardly knew,
When I came by, your gown's sae new,
I think you've got it wat wi' dew.
Quoth she, That's like a gawkie.

It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
 And I'll get gowns when it is gane,
 Sae ye may gang the gate you came,
 And tell it to your dawtie.
 The guilt appear'd in JAMIE's cheek,
 He cry'd, O cruel maid, but sweet,
 If I should gang another gate,
 I ne'er could meet my dawtie.

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
 And left poor JAMIE fair to rue,
 That ever MAGGIE's face he knew,
 Or yet ca'd BESS a gawkie.
 As they gade o'er the muir they sang,
 The hills and dales with echoes rang,
 The hills and dales with echoes rang,
 Gang o'er the muir to MAGGIE.

The Shepherd's Son.

THERE was a shepherd's son,
 Kept sheep upon a hill,
 He laid his pipe and crook aside,
 And there he slept his fill.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

He looked east, he looked west,
 Then gave an under-look,
 And there he spied a lady fair,
 Swimming in a brook,
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

He rais'd his head frae his green bed,
And then approach'd the maid,
Put on your claiths, my dear, he says,
And be ye not afraid.

Sing, Fal deral, &c.

'Tis fittèr for a lady fair,
To sew her filken seam,
Than to get up in a May morning,
And strive against the stream.

Sing, Fal deral, &c.

If you'll not touch my mantle,
And let my claiths alane;
Then I'll give you as much money,
As you can carry hame.

Sing, Fal deral, &c.

O! I'll not touch your mantle,
And I'll let your claiths alane;
But I'll tak you out of the clear water,
My dear, to be my ain,

Sing, Fal deral, &c.

And when she out of the water came,
He took her in his arms;
Put on your claiths, my dear, he says,
And hide those lovely charms.

Sing, Fal deral, &c.

He mounted her on a milk-white steed,
Himself upon anither;
And all along the way they rode,
Like sister and like brither.

Sing, Fal deral, &c.

When she came to her father's yate,
She tirl'd at the pin;
And ready stood the porter there,
To let this fair maid in.

Sing, Fal deral, &c.

And when the gate was opened,
So nimble's she whipt in;
Pough! you're a fool without, she says,
And I'm a maid within.

Sing, Fal deral, &c.

Then fare ye well, my modest boy,
I thank you for your care;
But had you done what you should do,
I ne'er had left you there.

Sing, Fal deral, &c.

Oh! I'll cast aff my hose and shoon,
And let my feet gae bare,
And gin I meet a bonny lass,
Hang me, if her I spare.

Sing, Fal deral, &c.

In that do as you please, she says,
But you shall never more
Have the same opportunity;
With that she shut the door.

Sing, Fal deral, &c.

There is a gude auld proverb,
I've often heard it told,
He that would not when he might,
He should not when he would.

Sing, Fal deral, &c.

Get up and bar the Door.

IT fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was then,
When our goodwife got puddings to make,
And she's boil'd them in the pan.

The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
And blew into the floor :

Quoth our goodman, to our goodwife,
“ Gae out and bar the door.”

“ My hand is in my hussy's skap,
Goodman, as ye may see,
An it shou'd nae be barr'd this hundred year,
Its no be barr'd for me.”

They made a passion 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure ;
That the first word whae'er shou'd speak,
Shou'd rise and bar the door.

Then by there came two gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night,
And they could neither see house nor hall,
Nor coal nor candle light.

Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor ?
But never a word wad ane o' them speak,
For barring of the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black ;

Though muckle thought the goodwife to herself,
Yet ne'er a word she spake.

Then said the one unto the other,
"Here, man, tak ye my knife,
Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kifs the goodwife."

"But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do than?"

"What ails ye at the pudding broo,
That boils into the pan?"

O up then started our goodman,
An angry man was he;
"Will ye kifs my wife before my een,
And scald me wi' pudding bree?"

Then up and started our goodwife,
Gied three skips on the floor;
"Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door."

Had awa' frae me, DONALD.

O WILL you hae ta tartan plaid,
Or will you hae ta ring, Mattam?
Or will you hae ta kifs o' me?
And dats ta pretty ting, Mattam.
Had awa', bide awa',
Had awa' frae me, DONALD;
I'll neither kifs nor hae a ring,
Nae tartan plaids for me, DONALD.

O see you not her ponny progues,
Her fecket plaid, plew, creen, Mattam?
Her twa short hose, and her twa spoigs,
And a shoulter-pelt apeen, Mattam?
Had awa', bide awa',
Had awa' frae me, DONALD;
Nae shoulder-belts, nae trinkabouts,
Nae tartan hose for me, DONALD.

Hur can peshaw a petter hough
Tan him wha wears ta crown, Mattam;
Herfell hae pistol and claymore
To flie ta lallant lown, Mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, DONALD;
For a' your houghs and warlike arms,
You're no a match for me, DONALD.

Hurfell hae a short coat pi pote,
No trail my feets at rin, Mattam;
A cutty fark of good harn sheet,
My mitter he be spin, Mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, DONALD;
Gae hame and hap' your naked houghs,
And fash nae mair wi' me, DONALD.

Ye's neir pe pidden work a turn
At ony kind o' spin, Mattam,
But shug your lenno in a scull,
And tidel highland sing, Mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, DONALD;

Your jogging sculls and highland fang

Will sound but harsh wi' me, DONALD.

In ta morning when him rise

Ye's get fresh whey for tea, Mattam ;

Sweet milk an ream as much you please,

Far cheaper tan pohea, Mattam.

Had awa', had awa',

Had awa' frae me, DONALD ;

I winna quit my morning's tea,

Your whey will ne'er agree, DONALD.

Haper Gallic ye's be learn,

And tats ta pouny speak, Mattam ;

Ye's get a cheefe, an putter-kirn,

Come wi' me kin ye like, Mattam.

Had awa', had awa',

Had awa' frae me, DONALD ;

Your Gallic and your Highland chear

Will ne'er gae down wi' me, DONALD.

Fait ye's pe ket a silder proch

Pe pigger then the moon, Mattam ;

Ye's ride in curroch stead o' coach,

An wow put ye'll pe fine, Mattam.

Had awa', had awa',

Had awa' frae me, DONALD ;

For a' your Highland rarities

You're not a match for me, DONALD.

What's tis ta way tat ye'll pe kind

To a protty man like me, Mattam ?

Sae lang claymore pe 'po my side,

I'll nefer marry tee, Mattam.

O come awa', run awa',
 O come awa' wi' me, DONALD ;
 I wadna quit my Highland man ;
 Frae Lallands fet me free, DONALD.

The Dreg Song.

I RADE to London yesterday
 On a crucket hay-cock,
 Hay-cock, quo' the seale to the eel,
 Cock nae I my tail weel ?
 Tail-weel, or if hare,
 Hunt the dog frae the deer,
 Hunt the dog frae the deil-drum ;
 Kend ye na JOHNY YOUNG ?
 JOHN YOUNG and JOHN AULD
 Strove about the moniefald ;
 JEMMY JIMP and JENNY JEUS
 Bought a pair of jimp deus,
 Wi' nineteen stand of feet ;
 Kend ye nae white breck ?
 White breck and steel pike,
 Kifs't the lafs behind the dyke,
 Kifs't the lafs behind the dyke,
 And she whalpet a bairnie ;
 Hey hou HARRY, HARRY,
 Mony a boat skail'd the ferry,
 Mony a boat, mony a ship ;
 Tell me a true note ;
 True note, true song,
 I've dreg'd o'er long,

*run by the
 fishermen when
 dragging for
 oysters in the
 firth of Forth*

O'er lang, o'er late,
Quo' the haddock to the scate,
Quo' the scate to the eel,
Cock na I my tail weel?
Tail weel, and gins better,
It's written in a letter:
ANDREW MURRAY said to MEG,
How many hens-hae you wi' egg?
Steek the door and thraw the crook,
Grape you and I'll look;
Put in your finger in her dock,
And see gin she lays thereout,
She lays thereout days ane,
Sae dis he days twa,
Say dis he days three,
Sae dis he days four,
Quo' the carle o' Aberdour;
Aberdour, Aberdeen,
Grey claith to the green,
Grey claith to the sands,
Trip it, trip it through the lands;
Thro' lands, or if hare,
Hunt the dog frae the deer,
Hunt the deer frae the dog,
Waken, waken, WILLIE TOD,
WILLIE TOD, WILLIE TAY,
Cleckit in the month of May,
Month of May and Averile,
Good skill o' raisins,
Jentlens and fentlens,
Jeery ory alie;
Weel now'd five men,
As weel your ten,

The oysters are a gentle kin,
They wiinna tak unless you sing.
Come buy my oysters aff the bing,
To serve the sheriff and the king,
And the commons o' the land,
And the commons o' the sea ;
Hey *benedicete*, and that's good Latin.

I'll chear up my heart.

AS I was a walking æ May-morning,
The fiddlers and youngsters were making their game ;
And there I saw my faithless lover,
And a' my sorrows returned again.

Well, since he is gane, joy gang wi' him ;
It's never be he shall gar me complain :
I'll chear up my heart, and I will get another,
I'll never lay a' my love upon ane.

I could na get sleeping yestreen for weeping,
The tears ran down like showers o' rain ;
An' had na I got greiting my heart wad a broken ;
And O ! but love's a tormenting pain.

But since he is gane, may joy gae wi' him,
It's never be he that shall gar me complain,
I'll chear up my heart, and I will get another ;
I'll never lay a' my love upon ane.

When I gade into my mither's new house,
I took my wheel and fate down to spin ;
'Twas there I first began my thrift ;
And a' the wooers came-linking in.

It was gear he was seeking; but gear he'll na get;
And its never be he that shall gar me complain,
For I'll chear up my heart, and I'll soon get another;
I'll never lay a' my love upon ane.

ROBIN Red-breast.

GUDE day now, bonny ROBIN,
How lang have you been here?

O I have been bird about this bush,
This mair then twenty year!

But now I am the sickest bird,
That ever fat on brier;
And I wad make my testament,
Goodman, if ye wad hear.

Gar tak this bonny neb o' mine,
That picks upon the corn;
And gie't to the Duke of Hamilton
To be a hunting-horn.

Gar tak these bonny feathers o' mine,
The feathers o' my neb;
And gie to the Lady o' Hamilton
To fill a feather-bed.

Gar tak this gude right-leg o' mine,
And mend the brig o' Tay;
It will be a post, and pillar gude;
It will neither bow nor-----

And tak this other leg o' mine,
And mend the brig o' Weir!

It will be a post and pillar gude;
It'll neither bow nor steer.

Gar tak these bonny feathers o' mine,
The feathers o' my tail;
And gie to the lads o' Hamilton
To be a barn-flail.

And tak these bonny feathers o' mine,
The feathers o' my breast;
And gie to ony bonny lad
That'll bring to me a priest.

Now in there came my Lady WREN,
With mony a sigh and groan;
O what care I for a' the lads,
If my wee lad be gone?

Then ROBIN turn'd him round about,
E'en like a little king;
Go, pack ye out at my chamber-door,
Ye little cutty quean.

Let me in this ae night.

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet;
Or are you waking I would wit?
For love has bound me hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo.
O let me in this ae night, this ae, ae, ae night,
O let me in this ae night, and I'll ne'er come back again, jo.

The morn it is the term-day,
I maun away, I canna stay,

O ! pity me before I gae,
And rise and let me in, jo.

O let me, &c.

The night it is baith cauld and weet;
The morn it will be snaw and fleet,
My shoon are frozen to my feet,
Wi' standing on the plain, jo.

O let me, &c.

I am the laird of windy-wa's,
I come na here without a cause,
And I hae gotten mony fa's
Upon a naked wame, jo.

O let me, &c.

My father's wa'king on the street;
My mither the chamber-keys does keep;
My chamber-door does chirp and cheep,
And I dare nae let you in, jo.

*O gae your ways this ae night, this ae, ae, ae night,
O gae your ways this ae night, for I dare nae let you in, jo.*

But I'll come stealing fastly in,
And cannily make little din;
And then the gate to you I'll find,
If you'll but direct me in, jo.

O let me in, &c.

Cast aff the shoen frae aff your fee,
Cast back the door up to the weet;
Syne into my bed you may creep,
And do the thing you ken, jo.

*O well's me on this ae night, this ae, ae, ae night,
O well's me on this ae night, that ere I let you in, jo.*

She let him in fae cannily,
 She let him in fae privily,
 She let him in ~~fae~~ cannily,
 To do thing you ken, jo.

O well's me, &c.

But ere a' was done, and a' was said,
 Out fell the bottom of the bed;
 The lassie lost her maidenhead,
 And her mither heard the din, jo.

*O the devil take this ae night, this ae, ae, ae night,
 O the devil take this ae night, that ere I let you in, jo.*

Hallow Fair. Tune, *Fy let us a' to the Bridal.*

THERE'S fouth of braw JOCKIES and JENNYS
 Comes weel-busked into the fair,
 With ribbons on their cockernonies,
 And fouth o' fine flour on their hair.
 MAGGIE she was fae well busked,
 That WILLIE was ty'd to his bride;
 The pounie was ne'er better whisked
 Wi' cudgel that hang frae his side.
Sing farrel, &c.

But MAGGIE was wondrous jealous
 To see WILLIE busked fae braw;
 And SAWNEY he sat in the alehouse,
 And hard at the liquor did caw.
 There was GEORDY that well lov'd his lassie,
 He touk the pint-stoup in his arms,

And hugg'd it, and said, Trough they're saucy
That loos nae a good father's bairn.

Sing farrel, &c.

There was WATTIE the muirland laddie,
That rides on the bonny grey cout,
With sword by his side like a cadie,
To drive in the sheep and the knout.
His doublet sae weel it did fit him,
It scarcely came down to mid thigh,
With hair pouther'd, hatt and a feather,
And housing at courpon and tee.

Sing farrel, &c.

But bruckie play'd boo to bause,
And aff scour'd the cout like the win':
Poor WATTIE he fell in the cause,
And birs'd a the bains in his skin.
His pistols fell out of the hulsters,
And were a' bedaubed with dirt;
The folks they came round him in clusters,
Some leugh, and cry'd, Lad, was you hurt?

Sing farrel, &c.

But cout wad let nae body steer him,
He was ay sae wanton and skeegh;
The packmans stands he o'erturn'd them,
And gard a' the JOCKS stands a-beech;
Wi' sniring behind and before him,
For sic is the metal of brutes:
Poor WATTIE, and wae's me for him,
Was fain to gang hame in his boots.

Sing farrel, &c.

Now it was late in the ev'ning,
 And boughting-time was drawing near :
 The lasses had stench'd their greening
 With fouth of braw apples and beer.
 There was LILLIE, and TIBBIE, and SIBBIE,
 And CECY on the spinnell could spin,
 Stood glowring at signs and glafs winnocks,
 But deil a ane bade them come in.
Sing farrel, &c.

God guide's ! saw you ever the like o' it ?
 See yonder's a bonny black swan ;
 It glowrs as't wad fain be at us ;
 What's yon that it hads in its hand ?
 Awa, daft gouk, cries WATTIE,
 They're a' but a rickle of sticks ;
 See there is BILL, JOCK, and auld HACKIE,
 And yonder's Mefs JOHN and auld Nick.
Sing farrel, &c.

Quoth MAGGIE, Come buy us our fairing :
 And WATTIE right sleely cou'd tell,
 I think thou're the flower of the claughing,
 In trowth now I'll gie you my fell.
 But wha wou'd e'er thought it o' him,
 That e'er he had rippled the lint ?
 Sae proud was he o' his MAGGIE,
 Tho' she did baith scalie and squint.
Sing farrel, &c.

O UR goodman came hame at e'en,
And hame came he :
And then he saw a saddle horse,
Where nae horse should be.

O how came this horse here ?
How can this be ?
How came this horse here,
Without the leave o' me ?

A horse ! quo' she :
Ay, a horse, quo' he.
Ye auld blind dotard carl,
Blind mat ye be,
'Tis naething but a bonny milk cow
My minny sent to me.

A bonny milk cow ! quo' he ;
Ay, a milk cow, quo' she.
Far hae I ridden,
And meikle hae I seen,
But a saddle on a cow's back,
Saw I never nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en,
And hame came he,
He spy'd a pair of jack boots,
Where nae boots should be.

What's this now, goodwife ?
What's this I see ?
How came these boots there
Without the leave o' me ?

Boots! quo' she:

Ay, boots, quo' he:

Shame fa' your cuckold fate,

And ill mat ye see,

It's but a pair of water stoups

The cooper sent to me.

Water stoups! quo' he;

Ay, water stoups, quo' she.

Far hae I riden,

And farer hae I gane,

But filler spurs on water stoups,

Saw I never nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en,

And hame came he,

And then he saw a sword,

Where a sword should nae be:

What's this now, goodwife?

What's this I see?

O how came this sword here,

Without the leave o' me?

A sword! quo' she,

Ay, a sword, quo' he.

Shame fa' your cuckold face,

And ill mat you see,

It's but a partridge spurtle.

My minnie sent to me.

Weil, far hae I ridden,

And muckle hae I seen;

But filler handed spurtles.

Saw I never nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en,
 And hame came he ;
 There he spy'd a powder'd wig,
 Where nae wig should be :

What's this now, goodwife ?
 What's this I see ?
 How came this wig here,
 Without the leave o' me ?

A wig ! quo' she ;
 Ay, a wig, quo' he.
 Shame fa' your cuckold face,
 And ill mat you see,
 'Tis naething but a clocken-hen
 My minnie sent to me.

Clocken hen ! quo' he :
 Ay, clocken-hen, quo' she,
 Far hae I ridden,
 And muckle hae I seen,
 But powder on a clocken hen
 Saw I never nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en,
 And hame came he,
 And there he saw a muckle coat,
 Where nae coat shou'd be ?

O how came this coat here ?
 How can this be ?
 How came this coat here
 Without the leave o' me ?

A coat ! quo' she :
 Ay, a coat, quo' he.

Ye auld blind dotard carl,
Blind mat ye be,
It's but a pair of blankets
My minnie sent to me:

Blankets ! quo' he :
Ay, blankets, quo' she.
Far hae I ridden,
And muckle have I seen,
But buttons upon blankets
Saw I never nane.

Ben went our goodman,
And ben went he,
And there he spy'd a sturdy man,
Where nae man shou'd be :

How came this man here ?
How can this be ?
How came this man here,
Without the leave o' me ?

A man ! quo' she :
Ay, a man, quo' he.
Poor blind body,
And blinder mat ye be,
It's a new milking maid,
My mither sent to me.

A maid ! quo' he :
Ay, a maid, quo' she.
Far hae I ridden,
And muckle hae I seen,
But lang-bearded maidens
I saw never nane.

The Nurse's Song.

HOW dan dilly dow,
 How den dan,
 Weel were your minny
 An ye were a man.

Ye wad hunt and hawk,
 And ha'd her o' game,
 And water your dady's horse,
 I' the mill dam.

How dan dilly dow,
 How dan flours,
 Ye's ly i' your bed
 Till eleven hours.

If at ele'en hours you list to rise,
 Ye's hae your dinner dight in a new guise;
 La'rick's legs and titlens toes
 And a' sic dainties my Mannie shall hae.

Da Capo.

Kind-hearted NANCY.

I'LL go to the green wood,
 Quo' NANCY, quo' NANCY,
 I'll go to the green wood,
 Quo' kind hearted NANCY.

What an I come after you?
 Quo' WILSY, quo' WILSY;

O what an I come after you?

Quo' fla cow'rdly WILSY.

And what gif ye come back again?

Quo' NANCY, quo' NANCY;

And what gif ye come back again?

Quo' kind hearted NANCY.

But what gif I shou'd lay thee down?

Quo' WILSY, quo' WILSY;

What gif I should lay thee down?

Quo' fla cow'rdly WILSY.

And what gif I can rise again?

Quo' NANCY, quo' NANCY;

And what gif I can rise again?

Quo' kind hearted NANCY.

O but what if I get you wi' bairn?

Quo' WILSY, quo' WILSY;

O what gif I get you wi' bairn?

Quo' fla cow'rdly WILSY.

If you can get it I can bear't,

Quo' NANCY, quo' NANCY;

If you can get it I can bear't,

Quo' kind hearted NANCY.

Whar'l we get a cradle till't?

Quo' WILSY, quo' WILSY;

Whar'l we get a cradle till't?

Quo' fla cow'rdly WILSY.

There's plenty o' wood in Norway,

Quo' NANCY, quo' NANCY;

There's plenty o' wood in Norway,
Quo' kind hearted NANCY.

Whar'l we get a cradle-belt?
Quo' WILSY, quo' WILSY;
Whar'l we get a cradle-belt?
Quo' fla cow'rdly WILSY.

Your garters and mine,
Quo' NANCY, quo' NANCY;
Your garters and mine,
Quo' kind hearted NANCY.

Then whar'l I tye my beaslie to?
Quo' WILSY, quo' WILSY;
Then whar'l I tye my beaslie to?
Quo' fla cow'rdly WILSY.

Tye him to my muckle tae,
Quo' NANCY, quo' NANCY;
Tye him to my muckle tae,
Quo' kind hearted NANCY.

O what gif he should run awa'?
Quo' WILSY, quo' WILSY;
O what gif he should run awa'?
Quo' fla cow'rdly WILSY.

Deil gae wi' you, steed and a',
Quo' NANCY, quo' NANCY:
Deil gae wi' you, steed and a',
Quo' kind hearted NANCY.

Bide ye yet.

GIN I had a wee house and a canty wee fire,
 A bony wee wife to praise and admire;
 A bonny wee yardie aside a wee burn,
 Fareweil to the bodies that yamer and mourn.
*And byde ye yet, and byde ye yet,
 Ye little ken what may betide you yet;
 Some bonny wee bodie may be my lot,
 And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.*

When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en,
 I'll get my wee wifie fou neat and fou clean;
 And a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,
 That will cry papa or daddy to me.
And bide ye yet, &c.

And if there should happen ever to be,
 A difference a'tween my wee wifie and me;
 In hearty good humour although she be teaz'd,
 I'll kifs her and clap her until she be pleas'd.
And bide ye yet, &c.

Ranting Roving Lad.

MY love was born in Aberdeen,
 The bonniest lad that e'er was seen;
 O he is forced frae me to gae,
 Over the hills and far away.

O he's a ranting roving laddie;
 O he's a brisk and a bonny laddie;

Betide what will, I'll get me ready,
And follow the lad wi' the Highland plaidie.

I'll fell my rock, my reel, my tow,
My gude grey mare and hacket cow,
To buy my love a tartan plaid,
Because he is a roving blade.

O he's a ranting roving laddie,
O he's a brisk and a bonny laddie,
Betide what will I'll get me ready,
To follow the lad wi' the Highland plaidy.

Let him gang.

IT was on a Sunday,
My love and I did meet,
Which caused me on Monday
To figh and to weep ;
O to weep is a folly,
Is a folly to me,
Sen he'll be mine nae langer,
Let him gang---farewell he.

Let him gang, let him gang,
Let him sink, let him swim ;
If he'll be my love nae langer,
Let him gang---farewell him ;
Let him drink to Rosemary,
And I to the thyme ;
Let him drink to his love,
And I unto mine.

For my mind shall never alter,
And vary to and fro;
I will bear a true affection
To the young lad I know;
Let him gang, let him gang,
Let him sink or let him swim;
If he'll be my love nae langer,
Let him gang---farewell him.

Tune. *JENNY dang the weaver.*

AS I came in by Fisherraw,
Musselburgh was near me;
I threw aff my mussle pock,
And courted wi' my deary.

O had her apron bidden down,
The kirk wad ne'er ha kend it;
But since the word's gane thro' the town,
My dear I canna mend it.

But ye maun mount the cutty-stool,
And I maun mount the pillar;
And that's the way that poor folks do,
Because they hae nae filler.

Up stairs, down stairs,
Timber stairs fears me.
I thought it lang to ly my lane,
When I'm fae near my dearie.

THE shepherd's wife cries o'er the lee,
 Come hame will ye, come hame will ye?
 The shepherd's wife cries o'er the lee,
 Come hame will ye again een, jo?

What will ye gie me to my supper,
 Gin I come hame, gin I come hame?
 What will ye gie me to my supper,
 Gin I come hame again een, jo?

Ye's get a panfu' of plumpin parrage;
 And butter in them, and butter in them;
 Ye's get a panfu' of plumpin parrage,
 Gin ye'll come hame again een, jo.

Ha, ha, how, it's naething that dow;
 I winna come hame, and I canna come hame.
 Ha, ha, how, it's naething that dow;
 I winna come hame again een, jo.

[The two first verses are to be sung here and after.]

Ye's get a cock well totled i' the pat,
 An ye'll come hame, an ye'll come hame;
 Ye's get a cock well totled i' the pat,
 An ye'll come hame again een, jo.

[The third verse for the chorus, ha, ha, &c.]

Ye's get a hen well boil'd i' the pan;
 An ye'll come hame, an ye'll come hame,
 Ye's get a hen well boil'd i' the pan,
 An ye'll come hame again een, jo.

A well made bed, and a pair of clean sheets,
 An ye'll come hame, an ye'll come hame ;
 A well made bed, and a pair of clean sheets,
 An ye'll come hame again een, jo.

Ha, ha, &c.

A pair of white legs, and a good cogg-wame,
 An ye'll come hame, an ye'll come hame ;
 A pair of white legs, and a good cogg-wame,
 An ye'll come hame again een, jo.

Ha, ha, how, that's something that dow ;
 I will come hame, I will come hame.
 Ha, ha, how, that's something that dow ;
 I'll haste me hame again een, jo.

[The two first verses of this song, are to be sung before the 4, 5 6, 7, and 8th verses, as before the 3d, and the 4th after them by way of chorus.]

Old King COUL.

OLD King COUL was a jolly old soul,
 And a jolly old soul was he :
 Old King COUL he had a brown bowl,
 And they brought him in fidlers three :
 And every fidler was a very good fidler,
 And a very good fidler was he.
 Fidell-didell, fidell-didell, with the fidlers three :
 And there's no a lass in a' Scotland
 Compared to our sweet MARJORIE.

Old King COUL was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he:
Old King COUL he had a brown bowl,
And they brought him in pipers three:
Ha-didell, how-didell, ha-didell, how-didell, with the
pipers three:
Fidell didell, fidell, didell, with the fidlers:
And there's no a lass in a' Scotland
Compared to our sweet MARJORIE.

Old King COUL was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he;
Old King COUL he had a brown-bowl,
And they brought him in harpers three:
Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went the harpers;
Ha-didell, how-didell, ha-didell, how-didell, went the
pipers;
Fidell-didell, fidell-didell, went the fidlers;
And there's no a lass in a' Scotland
Compared to our sweet MARJORIE.

Old King COUL was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he:
Old King COUL he had a brown-bowl,
And they brought him in trumpeters three.
Twarra-rang, twarra-rang, went the trumpeters;
Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went the harpers;
Ha-didell, how-didell, went the pipers;
Fidell-didell, fidell-didell, went the fidlers three:
And there's no a lass in a' Scotland
Compared to our sweet MARJORIE.

Old King COUL was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he:

Old King CouL he had a brown-bowl,
 And they brought him in drummers three.
 Rub-a-dub rub-a-dub, with the drummers;
 Twarra-rang, twarra-rang, with the trumpeters;
 Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, with the harpers;
 Ha-didell, how-didell, with the pipers;
 Fidell-didell, fidell-didell, with the fiddlers three:
 And there's no a lass in a' Scotland
 Compared to our sweet MARJORIE.

The Miller of Dee.

THERE was a jolly miller once:
 Liv'd on the water of Dee;
 He wrought and sang frae morn to night;
 No lark more blyth than he:
 And this the burden of his sang
 For ever us'd to be,
 I care for no body, no not I,
 Since no body cares for me.

I live by my mill, God blefs her,
 She's kindred, child and wife;
 I would not change my station,
 For any other in life.

No lawyer, surgeon or doctor,
 E'er had a groat from me;
 I care for no body, no not I,
 If no body cares for me.

When spring begins his merry career,
 Oh how his heart grows gay;

No summer's drought alarms his fears,
 Nor winter's sad decay :
 No foresight mars the miller's joy;
 Who's wont to sing and say,
 Let others toil from year to year,
 I live from day to day.

Thus like the miller bold and free
 Let us rejoice and sing,
 The days of youth are made for glee,
 And time is on the wing.
 This song shall pass from me to thee,
 Along this jovial ring ;
 Let heart and voice and all agree
 To say, Long live the king.

The Turnimspike.

HER sel pe Highland shentleman,
 Pe auld as Pothwel prig, man;
 And mony alterations seen
 Among the Lawland whig, man.
Fal la!, &c.

First when her to the Lowlands came,
 Nain fell was driving cows, man :
 There was nae laws about hims narse,
 About the preeks or troufe, man.
Fal la!, &c.

Nain fell did wear the philapeg,
 The plaid prik't on her shouder ;

The gude claymore hung pe her pelt,
The pistol sharg'd wi' powder.
Fal lal, &c.

But for whereas these curfed preeks,
Wherewith mans narse be lockit,
O hon, that ere she saw the day !
For a' her houghs pe prokit.
Fal lal, &c.

Every thing in the Highlands now
Pe turn't to alteration ;
The sodger dwal at our door cheek,
And that's te great vexation.
Fal lal, &c.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
And laws pring on the cadger :
Nain sell wad durk him for hur deeds,
But oh she fears de sodger.
Fal lal, &c.

Another law came after that,
Me never saw the like, man ;
They mak a lang road on the crund,
And ca' him turnimspike, man.
Fal, lal &c.

And wow she pe a ponny road,
Like Louden corn rigs, man ;
Whare twa carts may gang on her,
And no break others legs, man.
Fal lal, &c.

They sharge a penny for ilka hors,
In troth they'l be nae sheaper,

For nought but gaen upo' the crund;
 And they gie me a paper.
Fal lal, &c.

They tak the hors than pe the head,
 And there they mak them stand, man.
 I tell'd them that I seen the day.
 They had na sic command, man.
Fal lal, &c.

Nae doubts nain-fell maun draw his purs,
 And pay them what him's like, man :
 I'll see a shudgement on his store,
 That filthy turnimspike, man.
Fal lal, &c.

But I'll awa to the Highland hills,
 Whare nere a ane fall turn her ;
 And no come near your turnimspike,
 Unless it pe to purn her.
Fal lal, &c.

PATIE'S Wedding.

AS PATIE came up frae the glen,
 Drivin his wedders before him,
 He met bonny MEG ganging hame,
 Her beauty was like for to finore him.
 O dinna ye ken, bonny MEG,
 That you and I's gaen to be married ?
 I rather had broken my leg,
 Before sic a bargain miscarried.

Na, PATIE—O wha's tell'd you that?

I think that of news they've been scanty,
That I should be married so soon,
Or yet should hae been sae flantly :

I winna be married the year,
Suppose I were courted by twenty ;
Sae, PATIE, ye need nae mair spear,
For weel a wat I dinna want ye.

Now, MEGGIE, what maks ye sae sweer ?

Is't cause that I henna a maillin ?
The lad that has plenty o' gear
Need ne'er want a hail or a hail ane.
My dad has a good gray mare,
And yours has twa cows and a filly ;
And that will be plenty o' gear,
Sae MAGGIE, be no sae ill-willy.

Indeed, PATIE, I dinna ken,

But first ye maun speir at my daddy :
You're as well born as BEN,
And I canna say but I'm ready.
There's plenty o' yarn in clues,
To make me a coat and a jimpy,
And plaiden enough to be trews,
Gif ye get it, I shanna scrimp ye.

Now fair fa' ye, my bonny MEG,

I's let a wee smacky fa' on you.
May my neck be as lang as my leg,
If I be an ill husband unto you.
Sae gang your way hame e'now,
Make ready gin this day fifteen days,

And tell your father the news,
That I'll be his son in great kindness.

It was nae lang after that,
Wha came to our bigging but PATIE,
Weel drest in a braw new coat,
And wow but he thought himself pretty.
His bannet was little frae new,
In it was a loop and a slitty,
To tie in a ribbon sae blue,
To bab at the neck o' his coaty.

Then PATIE came in wi' a stend,
Said, Peace be here to the bigging.
You're welcome, quo' WILLIAM, come ben,
Or I wish it may rive frae the rigging.
Now draw in your seat and sit down,
And tell's a' your news in a hurry;
And haste ye, MEG, and be done,
And hing on the pan wi' the berry.

Quoth PATIE, My news is nae thrang;
Yestreen I was wi' his Honour;
I've taen three riggs of bra' land,
And hae bound mysel under a bonour:
And now my errand to you
Is for MEGGY to help me to labour;
I think you maun gie's the best cow,
Because that our haddin's but sober.

Well, now for to help you through,
I'll be at the cost of the bridal;
I've cut the craig of the ewe
That had amais't deid of the side-ill,

And that 'ill be plenty of bree,
 Sae lang as our well is nae reisted,
 To all the good neighbours and we,
 And I think we'll no be that ill feasted.

Quoth PATIE, O that'il do well,
 And I'll gie you your brose in the morning,
 O' kail that was made yestreen,
 For I like them best in the forenoon,
 Sae TAM the piper did play,
 And ilka aue danc'd that was willing,
 And a' the lave they ranked through,
 And they held the stoupy ay filling.

The auld wives fat and they chew'd,
 And when that the carles grew nappy,
 They danc'd as weel as they dow'd,
 Wi' a crack o' their thumbs and a kappie.
 The lad that wore the white band,
 I think they cau'd him JAMIE MATHER,
 And he took the bride by the hand,
 And cry'd to play up MAGGIE LAUDER.

Tune, Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.

DEAR ROGER, if your JENNY geck,
 And answer kindness with a slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
 For women in a man delight :
 But them despise who're soon defeat,
 And with a simple face give way
 To a repulse ;—then be not blate,
 Push bauldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
 Say aften what they never mean,
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
 But tent the language of their cen:
 If these agree, and she persist
 To answer all your love with hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

Tune, Polwart on the Green.

THE dorty will repent,
 If lovers heart grow cauld,
 And nane her smiles will tent,
 Soon as her face looks auld.
 The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
 Nor eats, though hunger crave,
 Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
 And's laugh'd at by the lave.
 They jest it till the dinner's past;
 Thus by itself abus'd,
 The fool-thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or eat what they've refus'd.

Tune, O dear mother, what shall I do?

O DEAR PEGGY, love's beguiling,
 We ought not to trust to smiling;
 Better far to do as I do,
 Lest a harder luck betide you.

Lasses, when their fancy's carry'd,
 Think of nought but to be marry'd:
 Running to a life destroys
 Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

Tune, How can I be sad on my wedding day?

HOW shall I be sad, when a husband I hæ,
 That has better sense than ony of thae
 Sour weak silly fellows, that study, like fools,
 To sink their ain joy and make their wives snools?
 The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
 Or with dull reproaches encourages strife;
 He praises her virtue, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

Tune, Could hale in Aberdeen.

CAULD be the rebels cast,
 Oppressors base and bloody,
 I hope we'll see them at the last
 Strung a' up in a woody.
 Bless'd be he of worth and sense,
 And ever high his station,
 That bravely stands in the defence
 Of conscience, king and nation.

Tune, *Mucking of Geordy's byre.*

THE laird wha in riches and honour
 Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
 Nor rack the poor tenants, who labour
 To rise aboon poverty :
 Else like the pack-horse that's unfother'd,
 And burden'd, will tumble down faint ;
 Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
 And rackers aft tine their rent.

PEGGY, now the king's come,
 PEGGY, now the King's come,
 Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
 PEGGY, since the King's come.
 Nae mair the hawkies shall thou milk,
 But change thy plaiding coat to silk,
 And be a lady of that ilk,
 Now, PEGGY, since the King's come.

Tune, *Happy Clown.*

HID from himself, now by the dawn,
 He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
 And ranges o'er the heights and lawn
 After his bleeting flocks,

Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants and whistles out the day,
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy, from ambition free,
Envy, and vile hypocrisie,
Where truth and love with joy agree,
Unfully'd with a crime ;
Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
In propping of their pride and state,
He lives, and unafraid of fate,
Contented spends his time.

For the Love of JEAN.

JOCKY said to JENNY, JENNY wilt thou do't,
Ne'er a fit, quoth JENNY, for my tocher good,
For my tocher good I winna marry thee :
E'en's ye like, quoth JOCKY, ye may let it be.

I ha'e gowd and gear, I ha'e land enough,
I ha'e seven good owfen ganging in a pleugh,
Ganging in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I ha'e a good ha' house, a barn and a byar,
A peat-stack 'fore the door, will make a rantin fire ;
I'll make a rantin fire, and merry fall we be,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

JENNY said to JOCKY, Gin ye winna tell,
 Ye fall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell :
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free ;
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

Tune, The Bridegroom greets.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the ky at hame,
 And a' the world to sleep are gane ;
 The waes of my heart fa's in showers frae my eye,
 When my gudeman lyes sound by me.

Young JEMMY loo'd me well, and he fought me for
 his bride,
 But saving a crown he had naething beside ;
 To make that crown a pound, my JEMMY gade to sea,
 And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had nae been awa' a week but only twa,
 When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was stoun
 awa' ;
 My father brake his arm, and my JEMMY at the sea,
 And auld ROBIN GREY came a courting me.

My father coudna work, and my mother coudna spin,
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna win ;
 Auld ROB maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
 Said, JENNY for their sakes, O marry me.

My heart it said nay, I look'd for JEMMY back ;
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck,
 The ship it was a wreck, why didna JEMMY die ?
 And why do I live to say waes me ?

Auld ROBIN argued fair, tho' my mother didna speak,
 She looked in my face till my heart was like to break;
 So they gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was in the sea,
 And auld ROBIN GREY is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
 When sitting sae mournfully at the door,
 I saw my JEMMY's wreath, for I coudna think it he,
 'Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.

O fair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
 We took but ae kifs, and we tore ourselves away;
 I wish I were dead! but I'm no like to die,
 And why do I live to say waes me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
 I darena think on JEMMY, for that wou'd be a sin;
 But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
 For auld ROBIN GREY is kind unto me.

WATTY and MADGE.

In imitation of WILLIAM and MARGARET.

TWAS at the shining mid-day hour,
 When all began to gaunt,
 That hunger rugg'd at WATTY's breast,
 And the poor lad grew faint.

His face was like a bacon-ham
 That lang in reek had hung,

And horn-hard was his tawny hand
That held his hazel rung.

So wad the fastest face appear
Of the maist dressly spark,
And such the hands that lords wad hae,
Were they kept close at wark.

His head was like a heathery bush
Beneath his bonnet blew,
On his braid cheeks, frae lug to lug,
His bairdy bristles grew.

But hunger, like a gnawing worm,
Gade rumbling through his kyte,
And nothing now but solid gear
Cou'd give his heart delyte.

He to the kitchen ran with speed,
To his lov'd MADGE he ran,
Sunk down into the chimney-nook
With visage four and wan.

Get up, he cries, my crishy love,
Support my sinking faul
With something that is fit to chew,
Be't either het or caul.

This is the how and hungry hour,
When the best cures for grief
Are cog-fous of the lythy kail,
And a good junt of beef.

Oh WATTY, WATTY, MADGE replies,
I but o'er justly trow'd

Your love was thowless, and that ye
For cake and pudding woo'd.

Bethink thee, WATTY, on that night,
When all were fast asleep,
How ye kiss'd me frae cheek to cheek,
Now leave these cheeks to dreep.

How cou'd ye ca' my hardies fat,
And comfort of your fight?
How cou'd you roose my dimpled hand,
Now all my dimples flight?

Why did you promise me a snood,
To bind my locks sae brown?
Why did you me fine garters heght,
Yet let my hose fa' down?

O faithless WATTY, think how aft-
I ment your sarks and hose!
For you how many bannocks stown,
How many cogues of brose!

But hark!—the kail-bell rings, and I
Maun gae link aff the pot;
Come see, ye hash, how fair I sweat,
To stegh your guts, ye sot.

The grace was said, the master serv'd,
Fat MADGE return'd again,
Blyth WATTY raise and rax'd himsell,
And sidg'd he was sae fain.

He hy'd him to the savoury bench,
Where a warm haggies stood,

And gart his gooly through the bag
Let out its fat heart's blood.

And thrice he cry'd, Come eat, dear MADGE,
Of this delicious fare ;
Syne claw'd it off most cleverly,
Till he could eat nae mair.

Stop here

FRAGMENTS

O F

C O M I C

A N D

HUMOUROUS SONGS.

Mucking of GEORDIE's byre.

THE mucking of GEORDY's byre,
And shoollng the grupe sae clean,
Has gard me weit my cheiks
And greit with baith my een.
*It was ne'er my father's will,
Nor yet my mother's desire,
That e'er I should file my fingers,
Wi' mucking of GEORDY's byre.*

The moufe is a merry beast,
And the moudewort wants the een:
But the world shall ne'er get wit
Sae merry as we ha'e been.
It was ne'er, &c.

Bonny Dundee.

O HAVE I burnt, or have I slain?
 Or have I done aught injury?
 I've gotten a bonny young lassie wi' bairn,
 The bailie's daughter of bonny Dundee.
 Bonny Dundee, and bonny Dundas,
 Where shall I see fae bonny a lass?
 Open your ports, and let me gang free,
 I maun stay nae langer in bonny Dundee.

Galla-Water.

BRAW, braw lads of Galla water,
 O braw lads of Galla-water,
 I'll kilt my coats below my knee,
 And follow my love through the water.
 Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
 Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie,
 Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
 I aften kifs her till I'm wearie.
 O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,
 O'er yon moss among the hether,
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
 And follow my love through the water.
 Down among the broom, the broom,
 Down among the broom, my dearie;
 The lassie lost her silken snood,
 That gard her greet till she was wearie.

Gae to the ky wi' me, JOHNY.

GAIE to the ky wi' me, JOHNY,

Gae to the ky wi' me ;

Gae to the ky wi' me, JOHNY,

And I'll be merry wi' thee.

And was she not wordy of kisses,

And was she not wordy of three,

And was she not wordy of kisses,

That gae'd to the ky wi' me ?

Gae to the ky, &c.

I have a house to big,

And another that's like to fa',

I have a lassie wi' bairn,

Which grieves me warst of a'.

Gae to the ky, &c.

If that she be now wi' bairn,

As I trow weel she be,

I have an auld wife to my mither,

Will doudle it on her knee.

Gae to the ky, &c.

Brose and Butter.

GI'E my love brose, brose,

Gi'e my love brose and butter,

Gi'e my love brose, brose,

Yestreen he wanted his supper.

JENNY sits up in the laft,
 JOCKY wad fain hae been at her,
 There came a wind out of the waft,
 Made a' the windows to clatter.
Gi'e my love, &c.

A goose is nae good meat,
 A hen is bos within,
 In a pye there's muckle deceit,
 A pudding it is a good thing.
Gi'e my love, &c.

JENNY's Bawbie.

*AND a' that e'er my JENNY had,
 My JENNY had, my JENNY had,
 A' that e'er my JENNY had,
 Was ae bawbie.*

There's your plack, and my plack,
 And your plack, and my plack,
 And my plack and your plack,
 And JENNY's bawbie.
And a' that e'er, &c.

We'll put it a' in the pint-stoup,
 The pint-stoup, the pint-stoup,
 We'll put it in the pint-stoup,
 And birle't a' three.
And a' that e'er, &c.

Cauld kale in Aberdeen.

CAULD kale in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Strabogie ;
But yet I fear they'll cook o'er soon,
And never warm the cogie.
The lasses about Bogie gicht,
Their limbs they are fae clean and tight,
That if they were but girded right,
They'll dance the reel of Bogie.

Wow, ABERDEEN, what did you mean,
Sae young a maid to woo, Sir ?
I'm sure it was nae mows to her,
Whate'er it was to you, Sir ;
For lasses now are no fae blate,
But they ken auld folks out o' date,
And better playfare can they get,
Than castocks in Strabogie.

Cock up your Beaver.

WHEN first my dear JOHNNY came to this town,
He had a blue bonnet, it wanted the crown ;
But now he has gotten a hat and a feather,
Hey, my JOHNNY lad, cock up your beaver.
Cock up your beaver, cock up your beaver,
Hey, my JOHNNY lad, cock up your beaver ;
Cock up your beaver, and cock it nae wrang,
We'll a' to England ere it be lang.

J O H N, come kifs me now.

J O H N, *come kifs me now, now, now,*

O J O H N come kifs me now,

J O H N come kifs me by and by,

And make nae mair ado.

Some will court and compliment,

And make a great ado,

Some will make of their goodman,

And fae will I of you.

J O H N, come kifs, &c.

When she came ben she bobbet.

W H E N she came ben she bobbet,

And when she came ben she sobbet.

And when she came ben she kist C O C K P E N,

And then deny'd that she did it.

And was nae C O C K P E N right sawcy,

And was nae C O C K P E N right sawcy ?

He len'd his lady to gentlemen,

And he kist the collier lassie.

And was nae C O C K P E N right able,

And was nae C O C K P E N right able ?

He left his lady with gentlemen,

And he kist the lass in the stable.

O are you wi' bairn, my chicken?
O are you wi' bairn, my chicken?
O if I am not, I hope to be,
E'er the green leaves be shaken.

I wish that you were dead, Goodman.

*I WISH that you were dead, goodman,
And a green sod on your head, goodman,
That I might ware my widowhead,
Upon a ranting highlandman.*

There's fax eggs in the pan, goodman,
There's fax eggs in the pan, goodman,
There's ane to you, and twa to me,
And three to our JOHN HIGHLANDMAN.

I wish, &c.

There's beef into the pat, goodman,
There's beef into the pat, goodman,
The banes for you, and the brew for me,
And the beef for our JOHN HIGHLANDMAN.

I wish, &c.

There's fax horse in the stable, goodman,
There's fax horse in the stable, goodman,
There's ane to you, and twa to me,
And three to our JOHN HIGHLANDMAN.

I wish, &c.

There's fax ky in the byre, goodman,
There's fax ky in the byre, goodman,

There's nane o' them yours, but there's twa of them
mine,
And the lave is our JOHN HIGHLANDMAN'S.
I wish, &c.

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

MY mither sent me to the well,
She had better gane herfell,
I got the thing I dare nae tell,
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

My mither sent me to the sea,
For to gather mussels three;
A sailer lad fell in wi' me,
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

The Grey Cock.

O SAW ye my father, or saw ye my mother,
Or saw ye my true love JOHN?
I saw not your father, I saw not your mother,
But I saw your true love JOHN.

It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae light:
And the bells they ring ding, dong,
He's met wi' some delay, that causeth him to stay;
But he will be here ere lang.

The furly auld carl did naething but snarl,
 And JOHNNY's face it grew red;
 Yet tho' he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word reply'd,
 Till all were asleep in bed.

Up JOHNNY rose, and to the door he goes,
 And gently tirl'd the pin;
 The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,
 And she open'd and let him in.

And are ye come at last, and do I hold ye fast?
 And is my JOHNNY true?
 I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like my self,
 Sae lang sall I love you.

Flee, flee up, my bonny grey cock,
 And craw whan it is day;
 Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,
 And your wings of the silver grey.

The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,
 For he crew an hour o'er soon;
 The lassie thought it day when she sent her love away,
 And it was but a blink of the moon.

THE WREN, OR, LENNOX'S LOVE to BLANTYRE.

THE WREN scho lyes in care's bed,
 In care's bed, in care's bed;
 The WREN scho lyes in care's bed,
 In meikle dule and pyne---O.

Quhen in came ROBIN Red-breast,
 Red-breast, Red-breast;
 Quhen in came ROBIN Red-breast,
 Wi' succar-faps and wyne---O.

Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this,
 Taste o' this, taste o' this;
 Now, maiden, will you taste o' this?
 It's succar-faps and wyne---O.
 Na, ne'er a drap, ROBIN,
 ROBIN, ROBIN;
 Na, ne'er a drap, ROBIN,
 Gin it was ne'er so fine---O.

* * * * *

And quhere's the ring that I gied ze,
 That I gied ze, that I gied ze;
 And quhere's the ring that I gied ze,
 Ze little cutty quean—O.
 I gied it till a foger,
 A foger, a foger,
 I gied it till a foger,
 A kynd sweet-heart o' myne—O.

WILL ze go to the wood? quo' FOZIE MOZIE;
 Will ze go to the wood? quo' JOHNIEREDNOZIE;
 Will ze go to the wood? quo' FOSLIN 'ene;
 Will ze go to the wood? quo' brither and kin.
 What to do there? quo' FOZIE MOZIE;
 What to do there? quo' JOHNIEREDNOZIE;
 What to do there? quo' FOSLIN 'ene;
 What to do there? quo' brither and kin.

To slay the WREN, quo' FOZIE MOZIE :

To slay the WREN, quo' JOHNNIE REDNOZIE :

To slay the WREN, quo' FOSLIN 'ene :

To slay the WREN, quo' brither and kin.

What way will ze get her hame? quo' FOZIE MOZIE ;

What way will ze get her hame? quo' JOHNNIE RED-
NOZIE ;

What way will ze get her hame? quo' FOSLIN 'ene ;

What way will ze get her hame? quo' brither and kin.

We'll hyre carts and horse, quo' FOZIE MOZIE :

We'll hyre carts and horse, quo' JOHNNIE REDNOZIE :

We'll hyre carts and horse, quo' FOSLIN 'ene :

We'll hyre carts and horse, quo' brither and kin.

What way will we get her in? quo' FOZIE MOZIE ;

What way will we get her in? quo' JOHNNIE RED-
NOZIE ;

What way will we get her in? quo' FOSLIN 'ene ;

What way will ze get her in? quo' brither and kin.

We'll drive down the door-cheeks, quo' FOZIE MOZIE :

We'll drive down the door-cheeks, quo' JOHNNIE RED-
NOZIE :

We'll drive down the door-cheeks, quo' FOSLIN 'ene :

We'll drive down the door-cheeks, quo' brither and kin:

I'll hae a wing, quo' FOZIE MOZIE :

I'll hae anither, quo' JOHNNIE REDNOZIE :

I'll hae a leg, quo' FOSLIN 'ene :

And I'll hae anither, quo' brither and kin.

Lustie MAYE.

O LUSTIE MAYE, with FLORA Queen,
 The balmy drops from PHOEBUS sheen,
 Prelusant beams before the day,
 Before the day, the day;
 By thee, DIANA, groweth green,
 Through gladness of this lustie MAYE,
 Through gladness of this lustie MAYE*.

Then AURORA that is so bright,
 To woful hearts he casts great light,
 Right pleasantly before the day, &c.
 And shows and shades forth of that light,
 Through gladness of this lustie MAYE,
 Through gladness of this lustie MAYE.

Birds, on their boughs, of every sort,
 Send forth their notes, and make great mirth,
 On banks that bloom on every bray, &c.
 And fares and flies o'er field and firth,
 Through gladness of this lustie MAYE,
 Through gladness of this lustie MAYE.

All lovers hearts that are in care,
 To their ladies they do repair,
 In fresh mornings before the day, &c.
 And are in mirth ay more and more,
 Through gladness of this lustie MAYE,
 Through gladness of this lustie MAYE.

* The first verse of this song is cited in a book intitled, *The Complaint of Scotland*, &c. printed at St Andrews in 1548; whereby it appears to have been a current old Scots song in the reign of JAMES V.

Of every monith in the year,
To mirthful MAYE there is no peer,
Her glist'ring garments are so gay, &c.
Your lovers all make merry cheer,
Through gladness of this lustie MAYE,
Through gladness of this lustie MAYE.

Tune, JOHN ANDERSON *my Jo*.

WHEN I was a wee thing,
And just like an elf,
All the meat that e'er I gat,
I laid upon the shelf.

The rottens and the mice
They fell into a strife,
They wadnae let my meat alane
Till I gat a wife.

And when I gat a wife,
She wadnae bide therein,
Till I gat a hurl-barrow
To hurle her out and in.

The hurl-barrow brake,
My wife she gat a fa';
And the foul fa' the hurl-barrow,
Cripple wife and a'.

She wadnae eat nae bacon,
She wadnae eat nae beef,
She wadnae eat nae lang-kail,
For fying o' her teeth :

But she wad eat the bonnie bird,
 That sits upon the tree :
 Gang down the burn, DAVIE, love,
 And I fall follow thee.

Wali fu fa the Cat.

AS I came down bonny Tweed-side,
 I heard and I wist nae what ;
 I heard ae wife say to anither,
 O waly fu fa' the cat !

O waly fu fa the cat !
 For she has bred muckle wanease ;
 She has op'ned the amry door,
 And has eaten up a' our bit cheese.

She has eaten up a' the bit cheese ;
 O' the bannocks she's no left a mote ;
 She has dung the hen aff her eggs ;
 And she's drown'd in the sowin-boat.

O waly fu fa the cat !
 I kend she wad never do grace ;
 She has pist i' the bucket of sa't ;
 And has dung the bit fish aff the brace.

She has dung the bit fish aff the brace ;
 And it's fallen i' the maister-can ;
 And now it has sic a stink,
 It'll pizen the silly good man.

Dainty DAVIE *.

O LEEZE me on your curly pow,
 Dainty DAVIE, dainty DAVIE;
 Leeze me on your curly pow,
 Mine ain dainty DAVIE.

It was in and through the window broads,
 And a' the tirlie wirlies o'd;
 The sweetest kifs that e'er I got,
 Was frae my dainty DAVIE.
O leeze me on your curly pow, &c.

It was down amang my dady's pease,
 And underneath the cherry-trees;
 O there he kift me as he pleas'd,
 For he was mine ain dear DAVIE.
O leeze me on your curly pow, &c.

When he was chas'd by a dragoon,
 Into my bed he was laid down;
 I thought him wordy o' his room,
 And he's ay my dainty DAVIE.
O leeze me on your curly pow, &c.

* * * * *

HEY how JOHNNY lad, ye're no fae kind's ye sud hae
 been,
 Heyhow JOHNNY lad, ye're no fae kind's ye sud hae been;

* The following song was made upon Mefs David William-
 son, on his getting with child the Lady Cherrytree's daugh-
 ter, while the soldiers were searching the house to apprehend
 him for a rebel.

Sae weel's ye might hae touzled me, and sweetly pried my
 mow bedeen;
 Hey how JOHNNY lad, ye're no sae kind's ye fud hae been;
 My father he was at the pleugh, my mither she was at
 the mill,
 My billie he was at the mofs, and no ane near our
 sport to spill;
 The feint a body was therein, ye need na fley'd for
 being seen;
 Hey how JOHNNY lad, ye're no sae kind's ye fud hae been.
 But I maun hae anither joe, whafe love gangs never out
 o' mind,
 And winna let the mament pass, when to a lafs he can
 be kind;
 Then gang yere wa's to Blinking BESS, nae mair for
 JOHNNY sa' she green;
 Hey how JOHNNY lad, ye're no sae kind's ye fud hae
 been.

JOHNNY JOHNSTON.

O JOHNNY JOHNSTON was my love,
 But wha wad e'er hae thought it o' him?
 He's left me for a tocher'd lafs,
 A dirty slut unwordy o' him.
 But to the bridal I fall gang,
 Although I'm sure I was nae bidden:
 I care nae tho' they a' should cry,
 Hech, see, sirs, yonder comes the dirdam.

When I came to the bridal-house,
 Wow, but the slut had little 'havens !
 For ay she rave, and rugged at,
 And licked a' the creechy gravins.

A gentleman that fate neest me,
 Was spearing wha was't that was aught her ;
 Indeed, sir, I think shame to tell,
 She's sic a filly body's daughter.

The bride she minted wi' a bane,
 And grin'd at me because I said it ;
 She said, says she, say that again,
 And I'll gar you make ae thing twa o't.

I trow then when the bride saw this,
 She bade my love come for to please me ;
 He came, and bade me chuse my spring,
 And said, says he, what's this that grieves you?

I'm neither griev'd nor sad, says I,
 And that I'll let you ken to ease you,
 I'll dance, sae will I, gif I like ;
 And ye's tire first, Sir, I'll assure you.

But when the bedding came at e'en,
 Wow, but the house was in a steery ;
 The bride was frightened fair for fear,
 That I wad take awa' her deary.

My bonny love gae slow to bed,
 He kiss'd her—but 'twas for the fashion ;
 And syne he glowr'd at my white skin,
 And syne he sigh'd, and rued the bargain.

HOW lang have I a batchelor been,
This twa and twenty year?
How aft have I a-wooing gane?
Tho' I came never the near.

For, NANNIE she says, she winna hae me,
I look sae like a clown;
But by my sooth, I'm as good as hersel,
Sae I's ne'er fash my thumb.

She says, if I could loup and dance,
As TAM the miller can;
Or cut a caper like the taylor,
She wad like me than.

By my word it's daffin to lie,
My joints were ne'er so nimble;
The taylor he has naething to mind,
But his bodkin, shears, and thimble.

And how do you do, my little wee NAN,
My lamb and sibrikin mouse?
And how does your father and mother do,
And a' the good folks i' the house?

I think nae shame to shaw my shapes;
I'fe warrand ye'll guess my errand;
You maun gang wi' me, my fair maid,
To marry you, sir, I warrand.

But, maun belongs to the king himsell,
But no to a country clown;
Ye might have said, wi' your leave, fair maid,
And letten your maun alane.

O see but how she mocks me now,
She scoffs me and does scorn;
The man that marries you, fair maid,
Maun rise right soon i' the morn.

But fare ye well, and e'en's you like,
For I can get anither.
He lap on his horse at the back o' the dyke,
And gaed hame to tell his mither.

When NAN saw that, she wad na wait,
But she has ta'en the taylor;
For when a lass gets the lad she likes
'Tis better far than filler.

But when he heard that NANSIE was tint,
As he sat on yon know;
He ruggit his hair, he blubber'd and grat,
And to a stane daddit his pow.

His mither came out, and wi' the disclout,
She daddit about his mow;
The deil's i' the chield, I think he's gane daft,
Get up, ye blubbering cow.

If ever there was an ill wife i' the world,
It was my hap to get her;
And by my hap, and by my luck,
I had been better butt her.

I wish I had been laid i' my grave,
When I got her to marriage!
For, the very first night the strife began,
And she gae me my carriage.

I scoured awa to Edinborow-town;
 And my cutty-brown together;
 And there I bought her a braw new-gown,
 I'm sure it cost some filler.

Ilka ell o't was a crown,
 'Twas better than her marriage:
 But because it was black, and it was na brown,
 For that I got my carriage.

When I saw naething her wad mend,
 I took her to the forest;
 The very first wood that I came to,
 Green-holan was the nearest;
 There I paid her baith back and side,
 Till a' her banes play'd clatter;
 And a' the bairns gathered round about,
 Cry'd, fy goodman have at her.

AS I gaed to the well at e'en,
 As any honest auld woman will do,
 The carl then he follow'd me,
 As auld carles will do.

*He woo'd me, and loo'd me;
 A wally how he woo'd me!
 But yet I winna tell to you,
 How the carl woo'd me.*

As I sat at my wheel at e'en,
 As any honest auld woman shou'd do,
 The carl he came in to me,
 As auld carles will do.

He woo'd me, and loo'd me, &c.

As I gaed to my bed at e'en,
As any other honest auld woman wou'd do,
The carl then he came to me,
As auld carles will do.

He woo'd me, and loo'd me, &c.

Lumps of Pudding.

MY daddy he steal'd the minister's cow,
And a' we weans gat puddings anew ;
The dirt crap out, as the meat gaed in,
And wow sic puddings as we gat then !
*Sic lumps o' puddings, sic dads o' bread,
They stick in my throat, and maist were my dead.*

As I gaed by the minister's yard;
I spied the minister kissing his maid :
Gin ye winnae believe, cum here and see
Sic a braw new coat the minister gied me.
Sic lumps o' puddings, &c.

Birks of Abergeldie.

BONNIE lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go.
To the birks o' Abergeldie ?
Ye shall get a gown of silk,
A gown of silk, a gown of silk,
Ye shall get a gown of silk,
And coat of calimancoe.

Na, kind Sir, I dare nae gang,
 I dare nae gang, I dare nae gang,
 Na, kind Sir, I dare nae gang,
 My minnie she'll be angry.
 Sair, fair wad she flyte,
 Wad she flyte, wad she flyte,
 Sair, fair wad she flyte,
 And fair wad she ban me.

KEEP the country, bonny lassie,
 Keep the country, keep the country,
 Keep the country, bonny lassie ;
 Lads will a' gie gowd for ye :
 Gowd for ye, bonny lassie,
 Gowd for ye, gow'd for ye,
 Keep the country, bonny lassie,
 Lads will a' gie gowd for ye.

AND fare ye weel, my auld wife,
 Sing bum, be bery, bum :
 Fare ye weel, my auld wife,
 Sing bum, bum, bum,
 Fare ye weel, my auld wife,
 The steerer up o' strunt and strife ;
 The malt's aboon the meal the night,
 Wi' some, some, some.

And fare ye weel, my pyke-staff,
 Sing bum, be bery bum ;
 Fare ye weel, my pyke-staff,
 Sing, bum, bum, bum :

Fare ye weel, my pyke-staff,
Wi' you nae mair my wife I'll baf;
The malt's aboon the meal the night
Wi' some, some, some.

WILL ye go to Flanders, my MALLY—O?
Will ye go to Flanders, my bonnie MALLY—O?
There we'll get wine and brandy,
And sack and sugar-candy;
Will ye go to Flanders, my MALLY—O?
Will ye go to Flanders, my MALLY—O?
And see the chief commanders, my MALLY—O?
You'll see the bullets fly, and the soldiers how they die,
And the ladies loudly cry, my MALLY—O!

TIBBY FOWLER o' the glen,
There's o'er mony wooing at her;
She has lovers nine or ten,
There's o'er mony wooing at her:
Wooing at her, kissing at her,
Clapping at her, cannae get her;
Shame fa' her filthy snout,
There's o'er mony wooing at her.

Kirk wad let me be.

I AM a poor filly auld man,
And hirpling o'er a tree;
Zet fain, fain kifs wad I,
Gin the kirk wad let me be.

Gin a' my duds were aff,
And a' hail claes on,
O I could kifs a zounge lass,
As weel as ony man.

Blink over the Burn, sweet BETTY.

IN simmer I mawed my meadows,
In harvest I shure my corn,
In winter I married a widow,
I wish I was free the morn.

Blink over the burn, sweet BETTY,
Blink over the burn to me:
O it is a thousand pities
But I was a widow for thee.

Green grows the Rasches.

GREEN grows the rasches—O,
Green grows the rasches—O:
The feather-bed is no fae fast
As a bed among the rasches.

We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
 The parson kist the fidler's wife,
 And he cou'd na preach for thinking o't.
Green grows, &c.

The down-bed, the feather-bed,
 The bed amang the raffes—O;
 Yet a' the beds is na fae fast
 As the bellies o' the lasses—O.

O THIS is my departing time!
 For here nae langer maun I stay:
 There's not a friend or foe of mine
 But wishes that I were away.
 What I hae done for lack o' wit,
 I never, never can recal!
 I hope you're a' my friends as yet:
 Good-night and joy be wi' you all.

I HAE layen three herring a' sa't:
 Bonnie lads, gin ze'll take me, tell me now:
 And I hae brow'n three pickles o' ma't:
 And I cannae cum ilka day to woo;
To woo, to woo, to lilt and to woo;
And I cannae cum ilka day to woo.

I ha'e a wee ca'f that wad fain be a cow :
 Bonnie lassie, gin ze'll take me, tell me now :
 I hae a wee gryce that wad fain be a sow :
 And I cannae cum ilka day to woo ;
To woo, to woo, to lilt and to woo ;
And I cannae cum ilka day to woo.

* * * * *

Up in the Morning early.

THERE gaed a fair maiden out to walk,
 In a morning of July :
 She was fair, bonnie, sweet, and young ;
 But met wi' a lad unruly.
 He took her by the lilly-white hand ;
 He swore he loo'd her truly :
 The man forgot, but the maid thought on,
 O it was in the month of July !

Kist the Streen.

On the late Duke of Argyle.

O AS I was kist yestreen !
 O as I was kist yestreen !
 I'll never forget till the day that I die,
 Sae mony braw kisses his Grace gae me.
 My father was sleeping, my mither was out,
 And I was my lane, and in came the Duke :

I'll never forget till the day that I die,
Sae mony braw kisses his Grace gae me.

Kist the sreen, kist the sreen,
Up the Gallowgate, down the Green :
I'll never forget till the day that I die,
Sae mony braw kisses his Grace gae me.

* * * * *

Tune, Fy, gar rub her o'er w? strae.

LOOK up to Pentland's tow'ring tops,
Buried beneath great wreaths of snaw,
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scar and flap,
As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their baws frae whins or tee,
There's no nae gowfer to be seen,
Nor douffer fowk wyfing a-jee
The byast bouls on Tamson's green.

Then sling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
And beek the house baith but and ben,
That mutchken stoup it hads but dribs,
Then let's get in the tappit hen.

Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
And drives away the winter soon ;
It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
And lifts his faul beyond the moon.

Leave to the gods your ilka care,
If that they think us worth their while,
They can a rowth of blessings spare,
Which will our fashious fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,
 That will they do, should we gang wood;
 If they command the storms to blaw,
 Then upo' fight the hailstains thud.

But soon as ere they cry, 'be quiet,
 The blatt'ring winds dare nae mair move,
 But cour into their caves, and wait
 The high command of supreme JOVE.

Let neist day come as it thinks fit,
 The present minute's only ours;
 On pleasure let's employ our wit,
 And laugh at fortune's feckless powers †.

WHEN I gaed to the mill my lane,
 For to ground my malt,
 The miller-laddie kist me;
 I thought it was nae fau't.
 What though the laddie kist me,
 When I was at the mill!
 A kist is but a touch;
 And a touch can do na ill.

O I loo the miller-laddie!
 And my laddie lues me;
 He has sic a blyth look,
 And a bonnie blinking ee.

† For the remainder of this song, see page 414 of the present volume.

What though the laddie kist me,
 When I was at the mill !
 A kifs is but a touch ;
 And a touch can do na ill.

DONALD COWPER and his man
 They've gane to the fair ;
 They've gane to court a bonny lass,
 But fint a ma was there :
 But he has gotten an auld wife,
 And she's come hirpling hame ;
 And she's fa'n o'er the buffet-stool,
 And brake her rumple-bane.
Sing, Hey DONALD, how DONALD,
Hey DONALD COWPER ;
He's gane awa' to court a wife,
And he's come hame without her.

Tune, Green Sleeves.

AS I walk'd by myself, I said to myself,
 And myself said again to me,
 Look well to thyself, take care of thyself,
 For no body cares for thee.
 Then I answer'd to myself, and said to myself,
 With the self-same repartee,
 Look well to thyself, or not to thyself,
 It's the self-same thing to me.
 VOL. II. U

MY wife's a wanton wee thing,
 My wife's a wanton wee thing,
 My wife's a wanton wee thing ;
 She'll never be guided by me.

She play'd the loon e'er she was married,
 She play'd the loon e'er she was married,
 She play'd the loon e'er she was married ;
 She'll do't again e'er she die.

LOGAN-WATER and Logan-braes—
 I helped a bonnie lassie on wi' her claiiths ;
 First wi' her stockings, and then wi' her shoon ;
 And she gave me the glaiks when a' was done.

But had I kend what I ken now,
 I should have bang'd her belly fou,
 Her belly fou, and her apron up ;
 And hae shew'd her the way to Logan-kirk.

SYMON BRODIE had a cow :
 The cow was lost, and he cou'd na find her ;
 When he had done what man cou'd do,
 The cow came hame, and the tail behind her.
Honest, auld SYMON BRODIE,
Stupid, auld, doited bodie ;
I'll awa' to the North Countrie,
And see my ain dear SYMON BRODIE.

SYMON BRODIE had a wife,
 And wow but she was braw and bonnie;
 She took the dish-clout aff the bink,
 And prin'd it to her cockernonie.
Honest, auld SYMON BRODIE, &c.

* * * * *

Barm.

I'LL trip upon trenchers, I'll dance upon dishes;
 My mither sent me for barm, for barm:
 And through the kirk-yard I met wi' the laird,
 The silly, poor body could do me no harm.
 But down i' the park, I met with the clerk,
 And he gaed me my barm, my barm.

* * * * *

The bonnie lass of Anglesey.

OUR king he has a secret to tell,
 And ay we'll keep it must and be;
 The English lords are coming down,
 To dance and win the victory.

Our king has cry'd a noble cry,
 And ay we'll keep it must and be;
 Gar saddle ye, and bring to me,
 The bonnie lass of Anglesey.

Up she starts as white as the milk,
Between him and his company ;
What is the thing I hae to ask,
If I should win the victory ?

Fifteen ploughs but and a mill,
I'll gie thee till the day thou die ;
And the fairest knight in a' my court,
To chuse thy husband for to be.

She's ta'en the fifteen lords by the hand,
Saying, Will ye come dance with me ?
But on the morn, at ten o'clock,
They gave it o'er most shamefully.

Up then rose the fifteenth lord ;
I wat an angry man was he ;
Laid by frae him his belt and sword,
And to the floor gaed manfully.

He said, My feet shall be my dead,
Before she win the victory ;
But before 'twas ten o'clock at night,
He gaed it o'er as shamefully.

The Dainty Downby.

THERE'S a farmer near hard by,
Sent out his daughter to keep the ky,
Sent out his daughter to keep the ky,
In the green of the Dainty Downby.

This lassie being of a noble mind,
She went to the garden to pu' a pickle thyme,
She went to the garden to pu' a pickle thyme,
In the garden of the Dainty Downby.

Little did she ken that the laird was at hame,
Little did she ken that the laird was at hame,
Little did she ken that the laird was at hame,
The laird of the Dainty Downby.

He has ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
He has ta'en her by the grass-green sleeve,
He has made her to be at his command,
In the green of the Dainty Downby.

O go hame ! go hame, and tell your father this,
Go hame, go hame, and tell your father this,
Go hame, go hame, and tell your father this,
What ye've gotten in the Dainty Downby.

Her father is to this young laird gone,
For to pay some rents that he was owing,
For to pay some rents that he was owing,
To the Laird of the Dainty Downby.

O how is your daughter MARG'RET ! he said,
O how is your daughter MARG'RET ! he said,
O how is your daughter MARG'RET, he said,
Since she was in the Dainty Downby ?

Gae gar her come and speak to me,
Gae gar her come and speak to me,
Gae gar her come right speedily,
To me in the Dainty Downby.

When this lassie before this young laird came,
Her lover baith grew pale and wan :

O MARG'RET, MARG'RET ! you've lain with a man,
Since you was in the Dainty Downby.

O kind Sir ! you may well understand,
Since you made me to be at your command,
You made me to be at your command ;
And wo to your Dainty Downby !

O MARG'RET, MARG'RET ! gif I be the man,
If I be the man that has done ye the wrang,
I shall be the man that will raise you again,
Since you was in the Dainty Downby.

Then he has call'd upon his vassals all,
He has call'd on them baith great and small ;
Then he has made her there, before them all,
The Lady of the Dainty Downby.

The T O D.

THERE dwells a T O D on yonder craig,
And he's a T O D of might—a ;
He lives as well on his purchase,
As ony laird or knight—a.

JOHN ARMSTRANG said unto the T O D,
An ye come near my sheep—a,
The first time that I meet wi' you,
It's I will gar ye greet—a.

The T O D said to JOHN ARMSTRANG again,
Ye dare na be sae bauld—a ;
For'n I hear ony mair o' your din,
I'll worry a' the sheep o' your fauld—a.

The ToD he hies him to his craig,
And there sits he fu' croufs—a;
And for JOHNIE ARMSTRANG, and a' his tykes,
He does not care a louse—a.

RECKLE MAHUDIE.

M I T H E R.

W HERE will we get a wife to you?
My auld son RECKLE MAHUDIE.

S O N.

Wha but MAGGIE a-yont the burn,
She'll make a wife right gudie.

M I T H E R.

I fear she'll be but a sober wife,
My auld son RECKLE MAHUDIE.

S O N.

I believe you'd hae me seek a king's dochter,
But foul fa' me if I dudie.

M I T H E R.

O what'll you hae to your wadden feast?
My auld son RECKLE MAHUDIE.

S O N.

A pint of brose and a good sa't herring,
It'll make a feast right gudie.

M I T H E R.

I fear it'll be but a sober feast,
My auld son RECKLE MAHUDIE.

S O N.

I believe you'd hae me hae baith sodden and roast,
But foul fa' me if I dudie.

M I T H E R.

O wha'll you hae at your wadden,
My auld son RECKLE MAHUDIE?

S O N.

Wha but MAGGIE an myfell,
It'll make a wadden right gudie.

M I T H E R.

I fear it'll be but a sober wadden,
My auld son RECKLE MAHUDIE.

S O N.

I believe you'd hae me hae an host of folk,
But foul fa' me gin I dudie.

THE prettiest laird in a' the west,
And that was BONNYMOON;
And TEUKSTON was courageous,
Cry'd for a wanton quean:

And BOYSAC he was tender,
And might nae byde nae wear;

And yet he came courageously,
Without or dread or fear.

O BOYSAC gin ye die,
O BOYSAC gin ye die,
O I'fe put on your winding sheet,
Fine Hollan it shall be.

I'd rather hae Red-Castle
And a red rose in his hand,
Before I'd hae ye, BOYSAC,
Wi' thretty ploughs of land.

O BOYSAC, gin ye die,
O BOYSAC, gin ye die,
O I'fe put on your winding sheet,
Fine Hollan it shall be.

* * * * *

AND there she's lean'd her back to a thorn,
Oh, and alas-a-day! Oh, and alas-a-day!

And there she has her baby born,

Ten thousand times good night, and be wi' thee.

She has houked a grave ayont the fun,

Oh, and alas-a-day! Oh, and alas-a-day!

And there she has buried the sweet babe in,

Ten thousand times good night, and be wi' thee.

And she's gane back to her father's ha',

Oh, and alas-a-day! Oh, and alas-a-day!

She's counted the leeleft maid o' them a',

Ten thousand times good night and be wi' thee.

* * * * *

O look not fae sweet, my bonny babe,
 Oh, and alas-a-day! Oh, and alas-a-day!
 Gin ze sinyle fae ze'll sinyle me dead;
 Ten thousand times good night and be wi' thee.

* * * * *

Tune, Pease Strae.

THE country swain that haunts the plain,
 Driving the lightsome plow;
 At night though tired, with love all fired,
 He views the lassie's brow.
 Whan morning comes, instead of drums,
 The flails flap merrilie;
 To raise the maids out o' their beds,
 To shake the pease-strae.
 Fair JENNY raise, pat on her claise,
 Syne tuned her voice to sing;
 She sang fae sweet, wi' notes compleat,
 Gard a' the echoes ring;
 And a' the males lay by their flails,
 And dance most merrily;
 And blest the hour that she had power
 To shake the pease-strae.
 The musing swain disturb'd in brain,
 Fast to her arms he flew,
 And strave a while, then wi' a smile,
 Sweet JENNY red in hue,

She said right aft, I think ye're daft,
That tempts a lassie fae;
Ye'll do me wrang, pray let me gang,
And shake the pease-strae.

My heart, said he, fair wounded be,
For thee, my JENNY fair;
Without a jest, I get nae rest,
My bed it proves a snare.
Thy image fine, presents me syne,
And takes a' rest me frae;
And while I dream, in your esteem
You reckon me your fae.

Which is a sign ye will be mine,
Dear JENNY say nae na;
But soon comply, or else I die,
Sae tell me but a flaw,
If you can love, for none above
Thee I can fancy fae,
I would be blest if I but wist,
That you would shake my strae.

Then JENNY smil'd, said, You're beguil'd,
I canna fancy thee;
My minny bauld, she would me scauld,
Sae dinna die for me.
But yet I own I am near grown,
A woman; since its fae,
I'll marry thee, syne you'll get me
To shake your pease-strae.

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G L O S S A R Y,

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EXPLANATION of the *Scotch* Words.

Some general rules, shewing wherein many Southern and Northern words are originally the same, having only a letter changed for another, or sometimes one taken away or added.

I. In many words ending with an l after an a or u, the l is rarely founded.

Scots.	English.
A ^l Ba,	A ^l L. Ball.
Ca,	Call.
Fa,	Fall.
Ga,	Gall.
Ha,	Hall.
Sma,	Small.
Sta,	Stall.
Wa,	Wall.
Fou, or Fu,	Full.
Pou, or Pu,	Pull.
Woo, or U,	Wool.

II. The l changes to a, w, or u, after o, or a, and is frequently sunk before another consonant; as,

Scots.	English.
B ^l Awm,	B ^l Alm.
Bauk,	Baulk.
Bouk,	Bulk.
Bow,	Boll.
Bowt,	Bolt.
Caff,	Calf.

Scots.	English.
Cow,	Coll, or Clip.
Faut,	Fault.
Fause,	False.
Fowk,	Folk.
Fawn,	Fallen.
Gowd,	Gold.
Haff,	Half.
How,	Hole, or Hollow.
Howms,	Holms.
Maut,	Malt.
Pow,	Poll.
Row,	Roll.
Scawd,	Scold.
Stown,	Stoln.
Wawk,	Walk.

II. An o before ld, changes to a or an; as,

Scots.	English.
A ^l Uld,	O ^l LD.
Bauld,	Bold.
Cauld,	Cold.
Fauld,	Fold.
Hald, or had,	Hold.
Sald,	Sold.
Tald,	Told.
Wad,	Would.

IV. The o, oe, ow, is changed to a, ae, or ai; as,

Scots.	English.
A E, or ane,	ONE.
Aeren,	Oaten.
Aff,	Off.
Aften,	Often.
Aik,	Oak.
Aith,	Oath.
Ain, or awn,	Own.
Alane,	Alone.
Amaist,	Almost.
Amang,	Among.
Airs,	Oars.
Aites,	Oats.
Apen,	Open.
Awner,	Owner.
Bain,	Bone.
Bair,	Bore.
Baith,	Both.
Blaw,	Blow.
Braid,	Broad.
Claith,	Cloth.
Craw,	Crow.
Drap,	Drop.
Fae,	Foe.
Frae,	Fro, or from.
Gae,	Go.
Gaits,	Goats.
Grane,	Groan.
Haly,	Holy.
Hale,	Whole.
Halsome,	Wholesome.
Hame,	Home.
Hait, or het,	Hot.
Laith,	Loath.
Laid,	Load.
Lain, or len,	Loan.
Lang,	Long.
Law,	Low.
Mae,	Moe.
Maiist,	Most.
Mair,	More.
Mane,	Moan.
Maw,	Mow.
Na,	No.
Nane,	None.

Scots.	English.
Naithing,	Nothing.
Pape,	Pope.
Rae,	Roe.
Rair,	Roar.
Raip,	Rope.
Raw,	Row.
Saft,	Soft.
Saip,	Soap.
Sair,	Sore.
Sang,	Song.
Slaw,	Slow.
Snaw,	Snow.
Strake,	Stroak.
Staw,	Stole.
Stane,	Stone.
Saul,	Soul.
Tae,	Toe.
Taiken,	Token.
Tangs,	Tongs.
Tap,	Top.
Thrang,	Throng.
Wae,	Woe.
Wame,	Womb.
Wan,	Won.
War,	Worse.
Wark,	Work.
Warld,	World.
Wha,	Who.

V. The o or u is frequently changed into i; as,

Scots.	English.
A Nither,	A Nother.
Bill,	Bull.
Birn,	Burn.
Brither,	Brother.
Fit,	Foot.
Fither,	Fother.
Hinny,	Honey.
Ither,	Other.
Mither,	Mother.
Nits,	Nuts.
Nife,	Nose.
Pit,	Put.
Rin,	Run.
Sn,	Sun.

A

ABLINS, perhaps.

Aboon, above.

Abbey, the precincts of the Abbey of Holyroodhouse at Edinburgh, is a sanctuary for debtors, who are sometimes humourously termed, Abbey-Lairds.

Abee, let abee, let alone, desist, cease.

Aesauld, sincere, without guile.

Afore, before.

Afterhind, thereafter.

Ahint, behind.

Air, long since, early. Air up, soon up in the morning.

Airts, points of the compass.

A'ms, alms.

Amry, a cup-board.

Anew, enough.

Ark, a corn or meal chest.

Arles, earnest of a bargain.

Ase, ashes.

Asteer, stirring.

At ains, or anes, at once, at the same time.

Attour, besides.

Awfome, frightful, terrible.

A-will, of itself, of its own accord.

Auld-sarran, ingenious,

Austie, austere, harsh.

Aurglebargin, to contend and wrangle.

A-wie, a little.

Ayont, beyond.

B.

BADRANS, a cat.

Baid, staid, abode.

Bagrie, trash.

Bairns, children.

Band, bond.

Bang, is sometimes an action of haste. We say, he or it came wi' a bang. —A bang also means a great number. *Of customers she had a bang.*

Bangl'd up, swelled.

Bangster, a blustering roaring person.

Bannocks, a sort of bread thicker than cakes, and round.

Baps, rolls of bread.

Barken'd, when mire, blood, &c. hardens upon a thing like bark.

Barlikhood, a fit of drunken angry passion.

Barrow-trams, the staves of a hand-barrow.

Batts, cholic.

Bawbee, halfpenny.

Barley-brie, ale or beer.

Bauch, sorry, indifferent.

- Bawfy**, bawfand-fac'd, is a cow or horse with a white face.
Bawty, a dog's name.
Bedeem, immediately, in haste.
Begoud, began.
Begrutten, all in tears.
Beik, to bask.
Beild, or beil, a shelter.
Bein, or been, wealthy. A been house, a warm well furnished one.
Beit, or beet, to help, repair.
Begunk, a trick.
Bells, bubbles.
Belt, a girdle.
Beltan, the 3d of May, or Rood-day.
Ban, curse.
Ben, the inner room of a house.
Bennison, blessing.
Bensell, or bensail, force.
Bend, draught.
Bent, the open field.
Beuk, baked.
Beurith, somewhat in the mean time.
Bickering, fighting, running quickly; school-boys battling with stones.
Bigg, build. **Bigget**, built. **Biggings**, buildings.
Biggonet, a linen cap or coif.
Billy, brother.
Borrostown, a town or borough.
Byre, a byar, a cow-stall.
Birks, birch-trees.
Birle, to drink. Common people joining their farthings for purchasing liquor, they call it, birling a bawbee.
Birn, a burnt mark.
Birns, the stalks of burnt heath.
Birr, force, flying swiftly with a noise.
Birs'd, bruised.
Bittle, or beetle, a wooden mull for beating hemp, or a fuller's club.
Black-a-vic'd, of a black complexion.
Blae, pale blue, the colour of the skin when bruised.
Blazind leather, tanned leather.
Blastum, beguile.
Blate, bashful.
Blatter, a rattling noise.
Bleech, to blanch or whiten.
Bleer, to make the eye water.
Bleez, blaze.
Blether, foolish discourse.
Bletherer, a babler. Stammering is called blethering.
Blin, cease. Never blin, never have done.
Blinkan, the flame rising and falling, as of a lamp when the oil is exhausted.
Twinkling.

- Blink, a glance of the eye,
a ray of light.
- Boak, or boke, vomit.
- Boal, a little press or cupboard in the wall.
- Bodin, or bodden, provided or furnished.
- Bodle, one sixth of a penny English.
- Blind-harrie, a game at romps.
- Bodword, an ominous message. Bodwords are now used to express ill-natured messages.
- Blob, a drop.
- Boglebo, hobgoblin or spectre.
- Bonny, beautiful.
- Bonywalys, toys, gewgaws.
- Bois, empty.
- Bouk, bulk, carcase.
- Bow, or boll, a measure equal to a sack.
- Brankand, gay.
- Bouze, to drink.
- Brochen, a kind of water-gruel of oat-meal, butter, and honey.
- Brae, the side of a hill, bank of a river.
- Braird, the first sprouting of corns.
- Brander, a gridiron.
- Brands, calves of the legs.
- Brankan, prancing, a capering.
- Branks, wherewith the rustics bridle their horses.
- Brattle, noise, as of horse-feet.
- Brats, rags.
- Braw, brave, fine in apparel.
- Breeks, breeches.
- Brecken, fearn.
- Brent-brow, smooth high forehead.
- Bridal, wedding.
- Brigs, bridges.
- Bris, to press.
- Brock, a badger.
- Broe, broth.
- Brie, soup, sauce.
- Browden, fond.
- Browster, brewer.
- Browst, a brewing.
- Bruliment, a broil.
- Buckled, yoked in marriage.
- Bucky, the large sea-snail.
A term of reproach, when we express a cross-natured fellow, by a thrown bucky.
- Buff, nonsense. As, He blether'd buff.
- Bught, the little fold where the ewes are inclosed at milking-time.
- Buller, to bubble. The motion of water at a spring head, or noise of a rising tide.
- Bumbazed, confused. Made to stare and look like an idiot.
- Bung, completely fuddled, as it were to the bung.
- Bunkers, a bench, or sort

of long low chests that
serve for seats.

Bumbler, a bungler.

Burn, a brook.

Busk, to deck, dress.

Bustine, fastin (cloth)

But, often for without; as,
But feed or favour.

Eykes or bikes, nests or hives
of bees.

Bygane, bypast.

By-word, a proverb.

Bees, humours, fancies.

Bun, the posteriors.

But and ben, this and the
other end of the house.

Blyth, chearful.

Broach, a brooch or clasp.

Balow, hush: *Bas, la le
loup*; peace, there is the
wolf. A phrase to still
children.

Bobit, curtsied.

Belyve, presently.

Bid, pray for, desire.

Bledoch, butter milk.

Bowgil, a horn.

Brand, sword.

Bruke, possess, enjoy.

Binge, do obedience.

Bute, advantage.

Blutter, blunder.

Brecham, the collar of a
work horse.

Bridal-renzie, a horse's rein.

Brownie, a kind of ghost or
familiar spirit.

C

C A'D about, put about.

Cadie, a cadet.

Cadgie, happy, chearful.

Can, 'gan, began.

Canker'd, angry, passionately
snarling.

Canna, cannot.

Cant, to tell merry old tales.

Cantrips, incantations.

Canty, chearful and merry.

Camstairie, riotous.

Capernoited, whimsical, ill-
natur'd, capricious.

Car, sledge.

Carnea, care not.

Carle, a name for an old
man.

Carline, an old woman.

Girecarline, a giant's
wife.

Cathel, an hot pot, made
of ale, sugar, and eggs.

Cauldrife, spiritless. Want-
ing chearfulness in ad-
dress.

Cauler, cool or fresh.

Cawk, chalk.

Cast up, to upbraid.

Chaffs, the chops.

Chandler, chandelier, a
candlestick.

Chapping, an ale-measure
or stoup, somewhat less
than an English quart.

- Castocks, the core and stalk of cabbages.
 Chiel, a general term, like fellow, used sometimes with respect; as, He's a very good chiel; and contemptuously, as, That chiel.
 Chirm, chirp and sing like a bird.
 Chitter, to shiver, to gnash the teeth.
 Chucky, a hen.
 Clan, tribe, family.
 Clank, a sharp blow or stroke that makes a noise.
 Clashes, chat.
 Clatter, chatter.
 Claught, took hold.
 Claver, to speak nonsense.
 Claw, scratch.
 Claife, clothes.
 Clead, to cloath.
 Cleeding, cloathing.
 Cleck, hatch.
 Cleek, to catch as with a hook.
 Cleugh, a den betwixt two rocks.
 Clinty, hard, stony.
 Clock, a beetle.
 Clotted, the fall of any soft moist thing.
 Clofs, a court or square; and frequently a lane or alley.
 Clour, the little lump that rises on the head, occasioned by a blow or fall.
 Clute or cloot, hoof of cows or sheep.
 Cockit, cocked.
 Cockernony, the gathering of a woman's hair when it is wrapt or snooded up with a band or snood.
 Cod, a pillow.
 Coft, bought.
 Cog, a pretty large wooden dish the country people put their pottage in.
 Cogle, when a thing moves backwards and forwards, inclining to fall.
 Coodies, a small wooden vessel, used by some for chamber-pots.
 Coof, a stupid fellow.
 Coor, to cover.
 Coot, the ankle.
 Coofer, a ston'd horse.
 Cooft, did cast. Coosten, thrown.
 Corby, a raven.
 Cosie, sheltered in a convenient place.
 Couter, the coulter of a plow.
 Cotter, a subtenant.
 Cowp, to fall; also a fall.
 Cowp, to change, barter.
 Cowp, a company of people; as, merry, senseless, corky cowp.
 Cour, to crouch and creep.
 Couth, frank and kind.
 Crack, to chat.
 Craig, a rock.

- Craig, neck.
 Cog, a pail.
 Creel, a basket.
 Crish, greeze.
 Croil, a crooked dwarf.
 Croon or cruve, to murmur or hum over a song.
 The lowing of bulls.
 Crouse, bold.
 Crove, a little hutch or lodge.
 Crove, a cottage.
 Crummy, a cow's name.
 Cryn, shrink or become less by drying.
 Cryned, contracted, shrunk.
 Cudeigh, a bribe, present.
 Culzie, intice or flatter.
 Cummers. gossips.
 Cun, to taste, learn, know.
 Cunzie or coonie, coin.
 Curn, a small parcel.
 Cursche, a kerchief. A linen dress, wore by our Highland women.
 Cutled, used kind and gaining methods for obtaining love and friendship.
 Cutts, lots. These are usually made of straws unequally cut.
 Cutty, short.
- D
- DAB**, a proficient.
 Dad, to beat one thing against another. He fell wi' a dad. He dadded his head against the wall, &c.
 Dad, a large piece.
 Daddy, father.
 Daft, foolish, and sometimes wanton.
 Daffin, folly, waggery.
 Dail or dale, a valley, a plain, a share.
 Dainty, is used as an epithet of a fine man or woman.
 Dander, wander to and fro, or saunter.
 Dang, did ding, beat, thrust, drive. Ding dang, moving hastily one on the back of another.
 Danton, affright.
 Darn, to hide.
 Darna, dare not.
 Dash, to put out of countenance.
 Dawty, a fondling, darling. To dawt, to cocker, and caress with tenderness.
 Deary, little dear, a term of endearment.
 Deave, to stun the ears with noise.
 Dees, dairy maids.
 Deray, merriment, jollity, solemnity, tumult, disorder, noise.
 Dern, secret, hidden, lonely.
 Deval, to descend, fall, hurry, desist.

- Dight, checked, made ready; also to clean.
 Dike, a wall.
 Din, noise.
 Diana, do not.
 Dings, excells.
 Dirgie, a funeral festival.
 Dic'd, weaved in figures like dice.
 Dirle, a smarting pain quickly over.
 Disjoin, breakfast.
 Dit, to stop or close up a hole.
 Divet, broad turf.
 Docken, a dock (the herb).
 Doilt, confused and silly.
 Doited, dozed or crazy, as in old age.
 Doggie, a little dog.
 Dole, a large piece, dole or share.
 Donk, moist.
 Donsie, affectedly neat.
 Clean, when applied to any little person.
 Doofart, a dull heavy-headed fellow.
 Dool, pain, grief.
 Dorts, a proud pet.
 Dorty, proud, not to be spoke to, conceited, appearing as disoblighd.
 Dosen'd, cold, impotent.
 Dought, could, avail'd.
 Doughty, strong, valiant, and able.
 Douks, dives under water.
 Doufe, solid, grave, prudent.
 Dow, to will, to incline, to thrive.
 Dow, dove.
 Dow'd (liquor) that's dead, or has lost the spirits; or withered (plant).
 Dowff, mournful, wanting vivacity.
 Dowie, melancholy, sad, doleful.
 Downa, dow not; *i. e.* tho' one has the power, he wants the heart to it.
 Dowp, the arse, the small remains of a candle, the bottom of an egg-shell.
Better haff egg as toom dowp.
 Drammock and crowdie, meal kneaded with water.
 Draff, brewers grains.
 Draggled, draiket; dirtied, bespattered.
 Drant, to speak slow, after a sighing manner.
 Dree, to suffer, endure.
 Dreery, wearisome, frightful.
 Dreigh, slow, keeping at a distance. Hence an ill payer of his debts, we call, dreigh. Tedious.
 Dribs, drops.
 Drie, suffer.
 Drizel, a little water in a rivulet, scarce appearing to run.
 Droning, sitting lazily, or

moving heavily. Speak-
ing with groans.
Drouked, drenched, all wet.
Drowket, drenched, drag-
gled.
Dubs, mire.
Duds, duddies, rags, tatter-
ed garments.
Dulse, sea-weed.
Dung, defeat.
Dunt, stroke or blow.
Dunty, a doxy.
Durk, a poignard or dagger.
Dynles, trembles, shakes.
Dyver, a bankrupt.

E

EAGS, incites, stirs up.
Eam, uncle.
Eard, earth, the ground.
Earn, yern.
Edge (of a hill) is the side
or top.
Ee-brie, eye-brow.
Een, eyes.
Eild, age.
Fildeens, of the same age.
Eistlin, eastern.
Eith, easy. Eithar, easier.
Elbuck, elbow.
Elf-shot, bewitched, shot
by fairies.
Elson, a shoemaker's awl.
Elritch, wild, hideous, un-
inhabited, except by ima-
ginary ghosts.
Elwand, the measure of an
ell, or yard.

Endlang, along.
Erd, earth.
Ergh, scrupulous, when one
makes faint attempts to
do a thing, without a
steady resolution.
Erst, time past.
Estler, hewn stone. Build-
ings of such we call, est-
ler work.
Ether, an adder.
Ethercap, a wasp.
Ettle, to aim, design.
Even'd, compar'd.
Eydent, diligent, laborious.

F

FA, a trap, such as is used
for catching rats or mice.
Fae, a foe, an enemy.
Fadge, a spongy sort of
bread, in shape of a roll.
Fag, to tire, or turn weary.
Fail, thick turf, such as are
used for building dykes
for folds, inclosures, &c.
Fain, expresses earnest de-
sire; as, Fain would I.
Also, joyful, tickled with
pleasure.
Fait, neat, in good order.
Fairfaw, when we wish well
to one, that a good or
fair fate may befall him.
Fang, the talons of a fowl.
To fang, to grip, or hold
fast.
Farles, cakes.

- Fash, vex or trouble. Fa-
 shious, troublesome.
 Faugh, a colour between
 white and red. Faugh
 riggs, fallow ground.
 Fauld, fence, inclosure.
 Feck, a part, quantity; as,
 Maist feck, the greatest
 number; nae feck, very
 few.
 Feckless, feeble, little, and
 weak.
 Feed or fead, feud, hatred,
 quarrel.
 Feint, the feint a bit, the
 never a bit.
 Feinzie, feign.
 Fen, shift. Fending, living
 by industry. Make a fen,
 fall upon methods.
 Ferlie, wonder.
 Fernandez, the last or fore-
 run year.
 File, to defile or dirty.
 Fire-fang'd, burnt.
 Fireslaught, a flash of light-
 ning.
 Fistle, to stir. A stir.
 Fitted, the print of the foot.
 Fizzing, whizzing.
 Flae-lugged, q. d. he has
 a flea in his ear.
 Flaffing, moving up and
 down, raising wind by
 motion, as birds with
 their wings.
 Flags, flashes, as of wind
 and fire.
 Flane, an arrow.
- Flang, flung.
 Flaughter, to pare turf from
 the ground.
 Flaw, lie or fib.
 Fleetch, to cox or flatter.
 Fleg, fright.
 Flewet, a smart blow.
 Fley or fle, to affright.
 Fleyt, afraid or terrified.
 Flighteren, fluttering.
 Flinders, splinters.
 Flit, to remove.
 Flite or flyte, to scold,
 chide. Flet, did scold.
 Flowks, foal-fish.
 Flushes, floods.
 Fog, moss.
 Foordays, the morning far
 advanced, fair day-light.
 Forby, besides.
 Forebears, forefathers, an-
 cestors.
 Forfairn, abused, bespatter-
 ed.
 Forfaughten, weary, faint,
 and out of breath with
 fighting.
 Forgainst, opposite to.
 Forgether, to meet, en-
 counter.
 Forleet, to forsake or for-
 get.
 Forestam, the forehead.
 Fouth, abundance, plenty.
 Fow, full, drunk.
 Fozy, spungy, soft.
 Frai, to make a noise. We
 use to say, One makes a
 frai, when they boast,

wonder, and talk more
of a matter than it is
worthy of, or will bear.
Fray, bustle, fighting.
Freik, a fool, light, imper-
tinent fellow.
Fremit, strange, not-a-kin.
Fristed, trusted.
Frush, brittle, like bread ba-
ken with butter.
Fudgel, plump.
Fudder, 128 lb. put for any
large quantity.
Fuff, to blow. Fuffin, blow-
ing.
Furder, prosper.
Furlot, a measure, being the
4th of a boll.
Furthy, forward.
Fush, brought.
Furlet, four pecks.
Fute braid sawing, corn to
sow a foot-breadth.
Fyk, to be restless, uneasy.

G

GAB, the mouth. To
prat. *Gab sae gash.*
Gabbing, prattlingly. To
give saucy returns when
reprimanded.
Gabbocks, large mouthfuls.
Gabby, one of a ready and
easy expression; the same
with Auld-gabbet.
Gaberlunzie, a beggar's wal-
let.
Gaed, went.

Gafaw, a hearty loud laugh-
ter. To gawf, laugh.
Gait, a goat.
Gams, gums.
Gang, go.
Gar, to cause, make, or
force.
Gare, greedy, rapacious, ear-
nest to have a thing.
Gash, solid, sagacious. One
with a long out-chin, we
call, Gash-gabbet, Gash-
beard.
Gate, way.
Gaunt, yawn.
Gawky, idle, staring, idioti-
cal person.
Gawn, going.
Gaws, galls.
Gawsy, jolly, buxom.
Gear, wealth, goods.
Geck, to mock, to loath.
Geed or gade, went.
Genty, handsome, genteel,
Gersons, fines paid by te-
nants.
Get or brat, a child, by
way of contempt or deri-
sion.
Ghaist, ghost.
Gif, if.
Giglet, gillflirt.
Gillygacus or gillygapus, a
staring, gaping fool; a
gormandizer.
Gilpy, a roguish boy.
Gimmer, a young sheep(ew).
Gin, if.
Gird, to strike, pierce.

- Girdle, an iron-plate for
 toasting oat-bread.
 Girn, to grin, snarl; also a
 snare or trap, such as boys
 make of horse-hair to
 catch birds.
 Girth, a hoop.
 Glaiks, an idle good-for-
 nothing fellow. Glaiked,
 foolish, wanton, light. To
 give the glaiks, to beguile
 one, by giving him his
 labour for his pains.
 Glaister, to bawl or bark.
 Glamour, fascination. When
 devils, wizards, or jug-
 glers deceive the sight,
 they are said, to cast gla-
 mour over the eyes of the
 spectator.
 Glar, mire, oozy matter.
 Gled, kite.
 Glee, to squint.
 Glee, mirth.
 Gleg, sharp, quick, active.
 Glen, a narrow valley be-
 tween mountains.
 Glengore, the foul dis-
 ease.
 Glib, smooth, sliding.
 Gloom, to scowl or frown.
 Glowming, the twilight, or
 evening-gloom.
 Glowr, to stare, look stern.
 Glunsh, to hang the brow,
 and grumble.
 Goolie, a large knife.
 Gooshet, the clock of a
 stocking.
 Gorlings or gorbings, young
 unfledged birds.
 Gossie, gossip.
 Gove, to look broad and
 steadfast, holding up the
 face.
 Gowans, daisies.
 Gowden, golden.
 Gowf, besides the known
 game, a racket or sound
 blow on the chops, we
 call a Gowf on the haf-
 fet.
 Grape, a stable-rake.
 Gutcher, grandfather.
 Gouk, the cuckow. In de-
 rision, we call a thought-
 less fellow, and one who
 harps too long on one sub-
 ject, a gowk.
 Gowl, a howling, to bellow
 and cry.
 Goufty, ghastly, large, waste,
 desolate, and frightful.
 Grany, grandmother, any
 old woman.
 Grane, to groan.
 Grape, a trident fork; also
 to grope.
 Gravy, sauce.
 Gree, prize, victory.
 Green, to long for.
 Greet, to weep. Grat, wept.
 Grieve, an overseer.
 Grip, to hold fast.
 Groff, gross, coarse.
 Grotts, mill'd oats.
 Grouf, to lie flat on the
 belly.

- Grounche or glunche, to grudge.
 Grutten, wept.
 Grit, great.
 Gryse, a pig.
 Gumption, good sense.
 Gurly, rough, bitter, cold (weather.)
 Grunzie, snout.
 Gesened, when the wood of any vessel is shrunk with dryness.
 Gytlings, young children.
 Gusty, savoury.
 Graith all kinds of instruments.

H

- HAffet, the cheek, side of the head.
 Hawick gill. A gill is a measure for spirits, containing half a pint. A Hawick gill is a double gill, so named from the town of Hawick.
 Hose, stockings.
 Halucket, crazy.
 Haddock, a small fish.
 Hinny, honey.
 Hald, dwelling, tenement.
 Hodling, hobling.
 Hafs-bane, breast-bone.
 Haf-mark bridal - band, clandestine marriage.
 Hap, covering.
 Heartsome, gladsome, pleasant.
 Hawstock, wool next the windpipe.
 Haith, in faith.
 Heh! hah!
 Hefis, lodges.
 Hawkies, cows.
 Halfin, partly.
 Hool, the shell.
 Hodden-gray, a coarse gray cloth.
 Hap, cover.
 Herried, plundered.
 Hubbilschow, confusion, uproar.
 Hide, skin.
 Heck, a rack.
 Hog, a sheep of two years old.
 Hoble shoon, clouted shoes.
 Hagabag, coarse table linen.
 Haggise, a kind of pudding made of the lungs and liver of a sheep, and boiled in the stomach bag.
 Hags, hacks, peat-pits, or breaks in mossy ground.
 Hain, to save, manage narrowly.
 Halesome, wholesome.
 Hale, whole.
 Halanshakers, ragamuffins.
 Hameld, domestic.
 Hamely, friendly, frank, open, kind.
 Hanty, convenient, handsome.
 Harle, drag.
 Harns, brains. Harn-pan, the skull.

Harship, ruin.
 Hausse, to embrace.
 Hask, a sloven.
 Haveren or havrel, id.
 Haughs, valleys, or low grounds on the sides of rivers.
 Heal or heel, health, or whole.
 Heeryestreen, the night before yesternight.
 Heez, to lift up a heavy thing a little. A heezy is a good lift.
 Heft, handle.
 Hestit, accustomed to live in a place.
 Heght, promised; also named.
 Hempy, a tricky wag, such for whom the hemp grows.
 Hereit, ruined in estate, broke, spoiled.
 Hesp, a clasp or hook, bar, or bolt; also, in yarn, a certain number of threads.
 Hether-bells, the heath-blossom.
 Hengh, a rock or steep hill; also, a coal-pit.
 Hiddils or hidlings, lurking, hiding places. To do a thing in hidlings, i. e. privately.
 Hirple, to move slowly and lamely.
 Hirfle, or hirdsale, a flock of cattle.
 Ho, a single stocking.

Hobbleshew, a confused rout, noise.
 Hool, husk. Hool'd, inlofed.
 Hooly, flow.
 Host or whoft, to cough.
 How or hu, a cap or roof-tree.
 How, low ground, a hollow.
 How! ho!
 Howdered, hidden.
 Howdy, midwife.
 Howk, to dig.
 Howms, plains, or riversides.
 Howt! fy!
 Howtowdy, a young hen.
 Hurkle, to crouch, or bow together like a cat, hedge-hog, or hare.
 Hurl-barrow, a wheel-barrow.
 Hut, a hovel.
 Hyt, mad.

J

JACK, jacket.
 Jog, to prick as with a pin.
 Jaw, a wave or gush of water.
 Icefhogles, icicles.
 Jee, to incline to one side.
 To jee back and fore, is to move like a balance up and down, to this and the other side.

- Jig, to crack, make a noise like a cart-wheel.
 Jimp, slender.
 Jip, gypsie.
 Ilk, each. Ilka, every.
 In-kneed, crook-kneed.
 Jow, the toll of a bell.
 Ingan, onion.
 Ingle, fire.
 Jo, sweetheart.
 Jowk, a low bow.
 Irie, fearful, terrified; as if afraid of some ghost or apparition. Also, melancholy.
 I'se, I shall.
 I'll, I will.
 Isles, embers.
 Junt, a large joint or piece of meat.
 Jute, four or dead liquor.
 Jupe, to mock. Gibe, taunt.
 Ill-far'd, ugly.
 Jack, a piece of armour.
- K**
- K**ale or kail, colewort, and sometimes broth.
 Kacky, to dung.
 Kain, a part of a farm-rent paid in fowls.
 Kame, comb.
 Kanny or conny, fortunate; also wary, one who manages his affairs discreetly.
 Kebbuck, a cheese.
 Keckle, to laugh, to benoisy.
- Kedgy, jovial.
 Keel, red chalk.
 Keek, to peep.
 Kelt, cloth with a freeze, commonly made of native black wool.
 Kemp, to strive who shall perform most of the same work in the same time.
 Ken, to know; used in England as a noun. A thing within ken, i. e. within view.
 Kent, a long staff, such as shepherds use for leaping over ditches.
 Kepp, to catch a thing that moves towards one.
 Kith, and kin, kindred.
 Kiest, did cast. Vid. Coost.
 Kilted, tuck'd up.
 Kimmer, a female gossip.
 Kirn, a churn, to churn.
 Kist, chest.
 Kirtle, an upper petticoat.
 Kitchen, all sorts of eatables except bread.
 Kit, a wooden vessel, hooped and staved.
 Kittle, difficult, mysterious, obscure (writings.)
 Kittle, to tickle, ticklish.
 Knacky, witty and facetious.
 Knoit, to beat or strike sharply.
 Knoos'd, buffeted and bruised.
 Knoost or knuist, a large lump.
 Know, a hillock.

Knockit, beat, bruised.
 Knublock, a knob.
 Knuckles, only used in
 Scotch for the joints of
 the fingers next the back
 of the hand.
 Kow, goblin, or any person
 one stands in awe to diso-
 blige, and fears.
 Ky, kine or cows.
 Kyth, to appear. He'll kyth
 in his ain colours.
 Kyte, the belly.
 Kurches, a covering for the
 neck.

L

L Aggert, bespattered, co-
 vered with clay.
 Laigh, low.
 Laith, loath, sorry.
 Lane, my lane, by myself.
 Late-wake, a sort of festi-
 val at watching a corpse.
 Laird, a gentleman of estate.
 Lack, want.
 Lak or lack, undervalue,
 contemn; as, He that laks
 my mare, would buy my
 mare.
 Landart, the country, or
 belonging to it. Rustic.
 Lane, alone.
 Langour, languishing, me-
 lancholy. To hold one
 out of langour, i. e. to
 divert him.

Langsome, tiresome, te-
 dious.
 Langkale, coleworts uncut.
 Lap, leaped.
 Lapper'd, curdled or clot-
 ted.
 Lare, a place for laying, or
 that has been lain in.
 Lare, bog.
 Lair, learning.
 Lave, the rest or remain-
 der.
 Lawin, a tavern reckon-
 ing.
 Lawland, low country.
 Lavrock, the lark.
 Lawty or lawtith, justice, fi-
 delity, honesty.
 Leal, true, upright, honest,
 faithful to trust, loyal.
 A leal heart never lied.
 Leam, flame.
 Lear, learning, to learn.
 Lee, untilled ground; also,
 an open grassy plain.
 Leglen, a milking-pail with
 one lug or handle.
 Leman, a lover.
 Lemmane, a mistress.
 Leugh, laughed.
 Lew-warm, lukewarm.
 Libbit, gelded.
 Lick, to whip or beat; item,
 a wag or cheat, we call
 a great lick.
 Lied, ye lied, ye tell a lie.
 Lift, the sky or firmament.
 Liggs, lyes.

- Lilt, the holes of a wind instrument of musick; hence, Lilt up a spring. Lilt it out, take off your drink merrily.
 Linner, a whore.
 Limp, to halt.
 Lin, a cataract.
 Ling, quick career in a straight line, to gallop.
 Lingle, cord, shoemakers. threaded.
 Linkan, walking speedily.
 Lintwhites, lanners.
 Lint-tap, lint on the distaff.
 Lang-syne, long ago.
 Let, hinderance.
 Lire, breasts; item, the most muscular parts; sometimes the air or complexion of the face.
 Link, a wrinkle or fold.
 Liff, the flank.
 Lith, a joint.
 Loan, a little common near to country villages, where they milk their cows.
 Loch, a lake.
 Loo, to love, or hue.
 Loof, the hollow of the hand.
 Looms, tools, instruments in general, vessels.
 Loot, did let
 Low, flame.
 Lowan, flaming.
 Lown, calm. Keep lown, be secret.
 Loun, rogue, whore, villain.
 Lounder, a sound blow.
 Lout, to bow down, making courtesy. To stoop.
 Luck, to inclose, shut up, fasten. Hence Lucken-handed, close-fisted; Lucken Gowns, Booths, &c.
 Lucky, grandmother or goody.
 Lug, ear. Handle of a pot or vessel.
 Luggie, a dish of wood with a handle.
 Lum, the chimney.
 Eure, rather.
 Lurdan, lazy sot.
 Lyart, hoary, or grey-hair'd.

M

- Maik or make, match, equal.
 Maiklefs, matchlefs.
 Mailen, a farm.
 Makly, seemly, well-proportioned.
 Makfna, it is no matter.
 Malifon, a curse, malediction.
 Mangit, gall'd or bruised by toil or stripes.
 Mansworn, perjured.
 Mantile, a lady's mantle or cloak.
 Mank, a want.
 March or merch, a land-mark, border of lands.
 Mavis, thrush.

- Marrow, matè, lover.
 Muck, dung.
 Meikle, much, great.
 Mou, mouth.
 Monfing, a very large ancient piece of ordnance, so called, which was lately transported from the castle of Edinburgh to the tower of London. It was of an enormous bore; and if we rightly remember was formed of pieces of iron, fitted together length-ways, and hooped with iron rings; this being the plan of all the first pieces of artillery, which succeeding the battering engines of the ancients, were employed, like these, in throwing stones of a prodigious weight.
 Meal-kail, soup with pot-herbs and meal.
 Mill, a snuff-box.
 Mawn, mown.
 Mittens, worsted gloves.
 Manandy, monday.
 Mottie, spotted, defiled.
 Misluck, misfortunes.
 Minnin, minnow.
 Maries, waiting-maids.
 Maister, piss.
 Marrow, mate, fellow, equal, comrade.
 Mask, to mash, in brewing.
 Masking-loom, mash-vat.
 Maun, must. Mauna, must not, may not,
 Meikle, much, big, great, large.
 Meith, limit, mark, sign.
 Mends, satisfaction, revenge, retaliation. To make amends, to make a grateful return.
 Menfe, discretion, sobriety, good-breeding. Mensfou, mannerly.
 Menzie, company of men, army, assembly, one's followers.
 Messen, a little dog, lap-dog.
 Mell, a mallet.
 Midding, a dunghill.
 Midge, gnats, little flies.
 Mim, affectedly modest.
 Mint, aim, endeavour.
 Mirk, dark.
 Milk-syth, milk-strainer.
 Minny, mother.
 Miscaw, to give names.
 Mischance, misfortune.
 Milken, to neglect, or not take notice of one; also, let alone.
 Misshous, malicious, rough.
 Misters, necessities, wants.
 Mony, many.
 Mools, the earth of the grave.
 Mool, to crumble. To meol in, to partake.
 Moup, to eat, generally used of children, or of old

- people, who have but few teeth, and make their lips move fast, though they eat but slow.
- Mow, a pile or bing, as of fuel, hay, sheaves of corn, &c.
- Mows, jests.
- Muckle, see Meikle.
- Murgullied mismanaged, abused.
- Mutch, coif.
- Mutchken, an English pint.
- half-starved in maintenance.
- Nive, the fist.
- Nivefow, a handful.
- Nock, notch or nick of an arrow or spindle.
- Noit, see Knoit.
- Nook, corner.
- Nor, than.
- Nowt, cows, kine.
- Nowther, neither.
- Nuckle, new calv'd (cows).

O

- N**
- Nacky or knacky, clever, active in small affairs.
- Nafay, denial.
- Neese, nose.
- Nettle, to fret or vex.
- Newfangle, fond of a new thing.
- New-mawn, new-mow'd.
- Nevel, a sound blow with the fist.
- Nick, to bite or cheat.
- Nicked, cheated: also, as a cant word to drink heartily; as, He nicks fine.
- Niest, next.
- Niffer, to exchange or barter.
- Niffnasan, trifling.
- Nignays, trifles.
- Nips, bits.
- Nither, to straiten. Nithered, hungered, or
- O**
- O^E, a grandchild.
- O'er or ower, too much; as, A' o'ers is vice, All excess is vicious.
- O'ercome, superplus.
- O'erput, to overcome.
- Ony, any.
- Or, sometimes used for ere, or before. Or day, *i. e.* before day-break.
- Ora, any thing over what's needful.
- Orp, to weep with a convulsive pant.
- Oughtlens, in the least.
- Owk, week.
- Ourlay, a cravat.
- Owsen, oxen.
- Owther, either.
- Oxter, the arm-pit.
- P**
- P**ACE, easter.
- Paddock, a frog.

- Paddock-ride, the spawn of frogs.
 Padeil, a shovel.
 Paiks, chastisement. To paik, to beat or belabour one soundly.
 Pang, to squeeze, press, or pack one thing into another.
 Pap, breast. Take the pap, take the breast.
 Partans, crab-fish.
 Paughty, proud, haughty.
 Paunches, tripe.
 Pawky, witty, or fly in word or action, without any harm or bad designs.
 Pearlings, lace of threed.
 Peck, the 16th of a boll.
 Peer, a key or wharf.
 Peets, turf for fire.
 Pegh, to pant.
 Penfand, thinking.
 Penfy, finical, foppish, conceited.
 Perfyte, perfect.
 Perquire, by heart.
 Pett, a favourite, a fondling. To pettle, to dandle, feed, cherish, flatter. Hence, to take the pett, is to be peevish or fullen, as commonly petts are when in the least disoblged.
 Pettled, fondled, pampered.
 Pibroughs, such Highland tunes as are played on bag-pipes before them when they go out to battle.
 Pig, an earthen pitcher.
 Pike, to pick out, or chuse.
 Pillar, the stool of repentance.
 Pimph, pimping, mean, scurvy.
 Pine, pain or pining.
 Pingle, to contend, strive, or work hard.
 Pirn, the spool or quill within the shuttle, which receives the yarn. Pirny (cloth) or a web of unequal threads or colours, stripped.
 Pith, strength, might, force.
 Plack, two bodles, or the third of a penny English.
 Plaid, stripped, woolen covering.
 Pleen, complain.
 Pleugh, plow.
 Plucky-faced, pimped.
 Poortith, poverty.
 Pople or paple, the bubbling, purling, or boiling up of water.
 Porridge, pottage.
 Pouch, a pocket.
 Pow, skull.
 Powny, a little horse or galloway; also, a turkey.
 Powfowdie, ram-head soup.
 Pratick, practice, art, stratagem. Priving pratick, trying ridiculous experiments.

Prets, tricks, rogueries. We say, He plaid me a pret, *i. e.* cheated. The callan's fou o' prets, *i. e.* has abundance of waggish tricks.

Prig, to cheapen, or importune for a lower price of goods one is buying.

Prin, a pin.

Prive, prie, to prove or taste.

Propine, gift or present.

Pryme or prime, to fill or stuff.

Putt a stane, throw a big stone.

Q

QUAT, quit.

Quey, a young cow.

Quhittill, knife.

R

RACKET, blow, box on the ear.

Rackless, careless; one who does things without regarding whether they be good or bad, we call him Rackless handed.

Rae, a roe.

Raffan, merry, roving, hearty.

Raird, a loud sound.

Rair, roar.

Rak or rook, a mist or fog.

Rampage, to speak and act furiously.

Ranting, rousing, jolly.

Rape, rope.

Rashes, rushes.

Ratch, hound.

Rave, did rive or tear.

Raught, reached.

Rax, to stretch. Rax'd, reached.

Ream, cream. Whence reaming; as, reaming liquor.

Red up, dress adjusted.

Red-wood, mad, furious.

Redd, to rid, unravel. To separate folks that are fighting. It also signifies clearing of any passage. I'm redd, I'm apprehensive.

Rede, counsel, advice; as, I wad na rede ye do that.

Reek, reach; also, smoke.

Reest, to rust, or dry in the smoke.

Rest, bereft, robbed, forced or carried away.

Reif, rapine, robbery.

Reik or rink, a course or race.

Reveled, entangled.

Rever, a robber or pirate.

Rew, to repent.

Rewth, pity.

Rice or rise, bulrushes, bramble-branches, or twigs of trees.

Rifarts, raddishes.

Rife or ryfe, plenty.

Rift, to belch.

Rigs, ridges.

Rigging, the back or rig-
back, the top or ridge of
a house.

Ripples, a weakness in the
back and reins.

Ripling-kame, a comb for
dressing flax.

Rive, to rend, split, or
burst.

Rock, a distaff.

Rood, the cross.

Roofe or rufe, to commend,
extol.

Roove, to rivet.

Rottan, a rat.

Roudes, a term of reproach
for an old woman.

Roundel, a witty, and of-
ten a satyric kind of rhyme.

Rowan, rolling.

Rowsted, grown stiff, or
rusty.

Rowt, to roar, especially
the lowing of bulls and
cows.

Rowth, plenty.

Ruck, a rick or stack of
hay or corns.

Rude, the red taint of the
complexion.

Ruefu, doleful.

Rug, to pull, take away by
force.

Rumple, the rump.

Rungs, small boughs of trees,
lopped off.

Runkle, a wrinkle.

Runckle, to ruffle.

S

S Aebeins, seeing it is. Since.

Saikles, guiltless, free,
forfaken, friendless.

Sall, shall, Like sould for
should.

Samen, the same.

Sand-blind, pur-blind, short-
sighted.

Sappy, moist, liquorish.

Sark, a shirt.

Saugh, a willow or fallow-
tree.

Saw, an old saying, or pro-
verbial expression.

Scad, scald.

Scant, scarce, small. Scan-
ty tocher, small portion.

Scar, the bare places on the
sides of hills washed down
with rain.

Scart, to scratch.

Scawp, a bare dry piece of
stony ground,

Scon, a cake of bread.

Scouling, frowning.

Scowp, to leap or move ha-
stily from one place to an-
other.

Scowth, room, freedom.

Scrimp, narrow, straitened,
little.

Scroggs, shrubs, thorns,
briers.

Scroggy, thorny.

- Scuds, ale. A late name given it by the benders.
- Scunner, to loath.
- Sell, felf.
- Serf, vassal, servant.
- Seuch, furrow, ditch.
- Sey, to try.
- Seybow, a young onion.
- Shaggy, crooked, wry.
- Shan, pitiful, silly, poor.
- Shanks, limbs.
- Shanks-naigie, on foot.
- Sharn, cow's dung.
- Shave, a slice.
- Shaw, a wood or forest.
- Shawl, shallow.
- Shawn, shewn.
- Shawps, empty husks.
- Sheen, shining.
- Shield, a shed.
- Shill, shrill, having a sharp sound.
- Shin, the ancle.
- Shire, clear, thin. We call thin cloth, or clear liquor, shire; also, a clever wag, a shire lick.
- Shog, to wag, shake, or jog backwards and forwards.
- Shool, shovel.
- Shoon, shoes.
- Shore, to threaten, to cut.
- Shottle, a-drawer.
- Sib, a-kin.
- Sic, such.
- Sicken, such.
- Sicker, firm, secure.
- Sike, a rill or rivulet, commonly dry in summer.
- Siller, silver.
- Sindle or sinle, feldom.
- Singit, finged.
- Sinsyne, since that time.
- Lang synsyne, long ago.
- Skaill, to scatter.
- Skair, share.
- Skaith, hurt, damage.
- Skeigh, skittish.
- Skelf, shelf.
- Skelp, to run. Used when one runs barefoot. Also, a small splinter of wood.
- Item*, To flog the hips.
- Skiff, to move smoothly away.
- Skink, a kind of strong broth, made of cows hams or knuckles; also, to fill drink in a cup.
- Skip, leap.
- Skipper, pilot.
- Skirl, to shriek or cry with a shrill voice.
- Sklate, slate. Skailie, is a fine blue slate.
- Skowrie, ragged, nasty, idle.
- Skreed, a rent.
- Skybould, a tatterdemalion.
- Skyt, fly out hastily.
- Slade or slaid, did slide, moved, or made a thing move easily.
- Slap or slak, a gap or narrow pass between two hills. Slap, a breach in a wall.
- Slavering, drivelling or slobbering.

Sled, sledge.

Slee, fly.

Sleek, smooth.

Sleet, a shower of half-melted snow.

Slerg, to bedawb or plaister.

Slid, smooth, cunning, slippery; as, He's a slid down. Slippery, slippery.

Slippery, sleepy.

Slonk, a mire, ditch, or slough; to wade throw a mire.

Slote, a bar or bolt for a door.

Slough, husk or coat.

Smaik, a silly little pitiful fellow; the same with smatchet.

Smirky, smiling.

Smittle, infectious or catching.

Smoor, to smother.

Snack, nimble, ready, clever.

Snaw-ba's, jokes, farcasms.

Sneest, an air of disdain.

Sned, to cut.

Sneer, to laugh in derision.

Sneg, to cut; as Sneg'd off at the web's end.

Snell, sharp, smarting, bitter, firm.

Snib, snub, check, or reprove, correct.

Snifter, to snuff or breathe through the nose a little stopt.

Snod, metaphorically used for neat, handsome, tight.

Snood, the band for tying up a woman's hair.

Snool, to dispirit by chiding, hard labour, and the like; also, a pitiful groveling slave.

Snoove, to whirl round.

Snotter, snot.

Snout, nose.

Snurl, to ruffle, wrinkle.

Snurt, to curl the nose in disdain.

Sod, a thick turf.

Sonfy, happy, fortunate, lucky: sometimes used for large and lusty.

Sore, sorrel, reddish-coloured.

Sorn, to sponge.

Sofs, the noise that a thing makes when it falls to the ground.

Sough, the sound of wind amongst trees, or of one sleeping.

Sowens, flummery, or oatmeal sower'd amongst water for some time, then boiled to a consistency, and eaten with milk or butter.

Sowf, to conn over a tune on an instrument.

Sowm, a score of sheep.

Spae, to foretel or divine.

Spaemen, prophets, augurs.

Spain, to wean from the breast.

- Spait, a torrent, flood, or inundation.
 Spaldings, small fish dried and salted.
 Spang, a jump; to leap or jump.
 Spaul, shoulder, arm.
 Speel, to climb.
 Speer, to ask, enquire.
 Spelder, to split, stretch, draw asunder.
 Spence, the place of the house where provisions are kept.
 Spice, pride.
 Spoil, to spoil, abuse.
 Spindle and whorl, instruments pertaining to a distaff.
 Spoolie, spoil, booty, plunder.
 Spraings, stripes of different colours.
 Spring, a tune on a musical instrument.
 Sprush, spruce.
 Spruttl'd, speckled, spotted.
 Spung, purse.
 Spunk, tinder.
 Spurtle, a flat iron for turning cakes.
 Staig, a young horse.
 Stalwart, strong and valiant.
 Stang, did sting; also, a sting or pole.
 Stank, a pool of standing water.
 Sow-libber, sow-gelder.
- Stark, strong, robust.
 Starns, the stars. Starn, a small moiety. We say, Ne'er a starn.
 Stay, sleep; as, Set, a stout heart to a stay brae.
 Steek, to shut, close.
 Stegh, to cram.
 Stend or sten, to move with a hasty long pace.
 Stent, to stretch or extend, to tax.
 Stick out, juts out.
 Stipend, a benefice.
 Stint, to confine.
 Stirke, a steer or bullock.
 Stoit or stot, to rebound or reflect.
 Stoar, rough, horse.
 Stool, a seat. The stool of repentance is a conspicuous seat in the Presbyterian churches, where those persons who have been guilty of incontinence are obliged to appear before the congregation for several successive Sundays, and receive a public rebuke from the minister.
 Stou, to cut or crop. A stou, a large cut or piece.
 Stound, a smarting pain or slit h.
 Stoup, a can.
 Soup, a drop, a quantity liquid.

- Stour, dust agitated by winds, men or horse feet. To stour, to run quickly.
 Stowth, stealth.
 Strapan, clever, tall, handsome.
 Strath, a plain on a river side.
 Streek, to stretch.
 Striddle, to stride; applied commonly to one that's little.
 Strinkle, to sprinkle or straw.
 Stroot or strut, stuff'd full, drunk.
 Strunt, a pet. To take the strunt, to be petted or out of humour.
 Studly, an anvil, or smith's stithy.
 Sturdy, giddy-headed; *item*, strong.
 Sture or stoor, stiff, strong, hoarse.
 Sturt, trouble, disturbance, vexation.
 Stym, a blink, or a little sight of a thing.
 Suddle, to sully or defile.
 Sumph, blockhead.
 Sunkan, splenetic.
 Sunkots, something.
 Sutor, shoemaker.
 Swaird, the surface of the grass.
 Swak, to throw, cast with force.
 Swankies, clever young fellows.
 Swarf, to swoon away.
 Swap, to exchange.
 Swash, squat, fuddled.
 Swatch, a pattern.
 Swats, small ale.
 Swecht, burden, weight, force.
 Sweer, lazy, slow.
 Sweeties, confections.
 Swelt, suffocated, choaked to death.
 Swith, begone quickly.
 Swinger, stout wench.
 Swither, to be doubtful whether to do this or that.
 Sybows, a species of small onions.
 Syne, afterwards, then.

T

- TACKEL, an arrow.
 Taid, toad.
 Tane, taken.
 Tane, the one.
 Taiken, token.
 Tangles, sea-weed.
 Tap, a head. Such a quantity of lint as spinsters put upon the distaff, is called a Lint-tap.
 Tape, to use any thing sparingly.

- Tappit-hen**, the Scotch quart stoup.
Tarrow, to refuse what we love, from a cross humour.
Tartan, cross striped stuff of various colours, checkered, The Highland plaid.
Tass, a little dram-cup.
Tate, a small lock of hair, or any little quantity of wool, cotton, &c.
Taunt to mock.
Tawpy, a foolish wench.
Taz, a whip or scourge.
Ted, to scatter, spread.
Tee, a little earth, on which gamesters at the gowf set their balls before they strike them off.
Teen or **Tynd**, anger, rage, sorrow.
Tensome, the number of ten.
Tent, attention. **Tenty**, cautious.
Teugh, tough.
Thack, thatch. **Thacker**, thatcher.
Thae, those.
Tharms, small tripes.
Theek, to thatch.
Thir, these.
Thirled, bound, engaged.
Thole, to endure, suffer.
Thouse, thou shalt.
Thow, thaw.
Thowless, unactive, silly, lazy, heavy.
Thraw-crook, a crooked stick for twisting hay or straw ropes.
Thrawart, froward, cross, crabbed.
Thrawin, stern and cross-grained.
Threep, to aver, alledge, urge, and affirm boldly.
Thud, a blast, blow, storm, or the violent sound of these. Cry'd, heh at ilka thud; *i. e.* gave a groan at every blow.
Tid, tide or time; proper time; as, He took the tid.
Tift, good order, health.
Tight, neat.
Tine, to lose. **Tint**, lost.
Tike, dog.
Tinkler, tinker.
Tinsel, loss.
Tip, or **tippony**, ale sold for 2d. the Scotch pint.
Tirl at the pin, rap with the knocker.
Tirl or **tir**, to uncover a house, or undress a person; strip one naked. Sometimes a short action is named a **Tirle**; as, They took a tirl of dancing, drinking, &c.
Fitty, sister.
Tocher, portion, dowry.
Tod, a fox.
Todling, reeling, tottering.
Tooly, to fight. A fight or quarrel.
Toom, empty; applied to

abarrel, purse, house, &c.
Item, to empty.

Tosh, tight, neat.

Tovy, warm, pleasant, half
 fuddled.

To the fore, in being, alive,
 unconsumed.

Touse or touzle, to rumple,
 tease.

Tout, the sound of a horn
 or trumpet.

Tow, a rope, A Tyburn
 neck-lace, or St Johnstoun
 ribband.

Towmond, a year ortwelve-
 month.

Trewes, hose and breeches
 all of a piece.

Trig, neat, handsome.

Troke, exchange.

True, to true, trust, be-
 lieve; as, *True ye sae?*
 or *Love gars me true ye.*

Trencher, wooden platter.

Tryst, appointment.

Twin, to part with; to se-
 parate from.

Twitch, touch.

Twinters, sheep of two
 years old.

Tydie, plump, fat, lucky.

Tynd, *vide* Teen.

Tyst, to entice, stir up, al-
 lure.

U

UGG, to detest, hate, nau-
 seate.

Ugsome, hateful, nauseous,
 horrible.

Umwhile, the late, or de-
 ceased, some time ago.
 Of old.

Undocht or wandocht, a
 silly, weak person.

Uneith, not easy.

Ungeard, naked, not clad,
 unharnessed.

Unko or unco, uncouth,
 strange.

Unloosome, unlovely.

Vougy, elevated, proud.
 That boasts or brags off
 any thing.

W

WAD or wed, pledge,
 wager, pawn; also,
 would.

Waff, wandering by itself.

Wak, moist, wet.

Wakrife, wakeful.

Waladay! alas! welloday!

Wale, to pick and chuse.

The wale, *i. e.* the best.

Wallets, bags.

Wallop, to move swiftly,
 with much agitation.

Wally, chosen, beautiful,
 large. A bonny wally,
i. e. a fine thing.

Wame, womb.

Wamill, stomach turns.

Wandought, want of dought;
 impotent.

- Wanefse, uneasiness.
 Wangrace, wickedness, want
 of grace.
 Wap, a sudden stroke.
 War, worse.
 Ware, goods, to spend.
 Warlock, wizard.
 Wat or wit, to know.
 Waught, a large draught.
 Waughts, drinks largely.
 Wearifu', woeful.
 Wee, little; as, A wanton
 wee thing.
 Wean or wee ane, a child.
 Ween, thought, imagined,
 supposed.
 Weer, to stop or oppose.
 Weir, war.
 Weird, fate or destiny.
 Weit, rain.
 Wersh, insipid, wallowish,
 wanting salt.
 Westlin, western.
 Whang, a large portion of
 any thing.
 Whauk, whip, beat, flog.
 Whid, to fly quickly. A
 whid is a hasty flight.
 Whilk, which.
 Whilly, to cheat. Whilly-
 wha, a cheat.
 Whinging, whining, speak-
 ing with a doleful tone.
 Whinger, hanger.
 Whins, furze.
 Whisht, hush. Hold your
 peace.
 Whisk, to pull out hastily.
- Whomilt, turned upside
 down.
 Wight, stout, clever, active,
item, a man or person.
 Wilks, perriwinkles.
 Wimpling, a turning back-
 ward and forward, wind-
 ing like the meanders of
 a river.
 Win or won, to reside,
 dwell.
 Winna, will not.
 Winnocks, windows.
 Winsom, gaining, desirable;
 agreeable, complete,
 large; we say, My
 winsome love.
 Wirrykow, a bagbear.
 Wisent, parched, dry, wi-
 thered.
 Wistle, to exchange (mo-
 ney.)
 Witherhins, cross motion,
 or against the sun.
 Won, to reside, to dwell.
 Woo or W, wool; as in
 the whim of making five
 words out of four let-
 ters, thus, *z, a, e, w*;
 (i. e.) Is it all one wool?
 Wood, mad.
 Woody, the gallows.
 Wordy, worthy.
 Wow! strange! wonder-
 ful!
 Wrath, a spirit, or phan-
 tom.
 Wreaths (of snow), when

heaps of it are blown together by the wind.

Wyling, inclining: Towyse, to lead, train.

Wyson, the gullet.

Wyte, to blame. Blame.

Y

YAMPH, to bark, or make a noise like little dogs.

Yap, hungry, having a longing desire for any thing.

Yamers, a cry of fowls, as, *ca, ca.*

Yealtou, yea wilt thou.

Yed, to contend, wrangle.

Yeld, barren, as a cow that gives no milk.

Yerk, to do any thing with celerity.

Yerd, earth.

Yesk, the hiccup.

Yett, gate.

Yestreen, yesternight.

Yied, went.

Youdith, youthfulness.

Yowden, wearied.

Yowls, howlings, screams.

Yowf, a swinging blow.

Yuke, the itch.

Yule, Christmas.

